The Oncoming Storm

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The Oncoming Storm

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Summary

With Darko making his presence known in the city, Will has decided that the only way to keep his new family safe is to hand him self over to Chilton, bide his time and wait for a chance to take the would be mobster out and give the Lecter's another foot up in the criminal underworld.

Tabitha, refusing to let him go without a proper send off beforehand, takes the group for their first group outing to her Gentlmen's Clubhouse, RavenStag Manor.

Notes

Hello subscribers and new readers! We're ever so sorry for the delay in posting this new instalment of the series. We hope the content will make up for the severe dry period.

Comments are love, please let us know who your favourite characters are, your favourite ships etc, we love to hear from you!

As always, this is completely unbeta'd, all mistakes are our own.

The Calm Before The Storm

Having taken a full half hour to get ready, Tabitha emerged from the elevator to see everyone else waiting for her. She looked all of them up and down then stood in the door way with a smirk before giving a twirl, fur coat over her arm as she showed off hints of her tattoos under an emerald green velvet bustier, high waisted suspender shorts which were clipped to her thigh high boots, “Well, you can’t say it wasn’t worth the wait.” She smirked, blood red lips contrasting beautifully with her ice blue eyes, enhanced by the dark smokey make up she’d applied.

Hannibal stood next to the fire place with his hands in the pockets of his jeans, knowing that Tabby always took longer than she said she would, especially when she wanted to make a point. He’d taken five minutes to dress in black jeans, a short sleeved teal dress shirt and a blazer, having had no problems doing so, whereas Val had simply changed his shirt and picked up a leather jacket, “You look beautiful, and as always it was worth the wait.”

Val simply ran his hand over Will’s leather clad ass appreciatively, “So are we going now or..? I heard the words ‘party’ and ‘ravenstag manor’ but we’re still here.”

“You were waiting for the only one who knows the way to the fucking manor house, Val.” Tab snarled in warning, grabbing the keys for the SUV as she pulled on her coat, “Now we’re ready. Get the fuck in the car.”

Hann chuckled, crossing the room in a few strides to kiss his wife deeply, after a moment of struggling she gave in - never able to stay mad for too long, he had he best interests at heart. As he pulled away he swatted the female’s ass on his way out of the room, “Who’s calling shot gun?”

Tab groaned at the idea that most of their days would be spent arguing over who would get to call shotgun and therefore who would end up trying to control the radio on the drive over, “Remind me why this open relationship thing was a good idea?”

Will chuckled softly, drawing Valentin into a soft kiss and reaching around himself to pull the ribbon tie of his panties over the top of his leather pants, “Be good and later maybe you can unwrap me.” He winked, staring at Tabitha with wide eyes, “Fuck you’re gorgeous.” The sub breathed.

He bounced out of Val’s lap and moved to slip his arm through his Mistress’ and kissing her cheek, “I don’t mind sitting in the back… better for cuddling.” He chuckled, “And I’m soaking up as much of that tonight as I can.”

“Me!” Demetrius yelped, sprinting from his own room wearing black skinny jeans and a black leather waistcoat over a crisp bright white, short sleeved shirt. He pulled on old, beat up bright orange converse and slipped his bronze handgun into it’s holster, “I call shot gun!”

Val’s eyes widened, mouth watering at the sight of the ribbon tie, “Fuck..” He muttered, groaning when Will left his lap, “You’re a terrible tease, someone should fix that.” He

grinned.

Tabby took Will's arm in hers and kissed the corner of his mouth, "You don't look so bad either, remind me that I wanna see more of you in make up." She smirked, holding the younger male tightly, "You get to cuddle with Hann and Val for the time being, I gotta drive us there."

The blonde male got to his feet, gesturing to Tabitha and Will that they should walk ahead of him, "The reason this works so well, dear mistress, is that you get to fuck four people with no repercussions. That and you love us. Besides, you're not the one who just realised his lover is in fact the giant child you feared he was."

Hannibal had taken a seat in the back of the SUV and was checking his gun over when Demetri jumped into the front seat, "You never did miss the chance to sit up front." He chuckled, tucking his gun in his holster before getting comfortable, "Please tell me you didn't put those ugly orange shoes on that were by the front door."

Will crawled into the back seat, quickly tucking himself into Hannibal's side, swinging his feet up into Valentin's lap when he joined them, "Let's get going then… I'm curious. And I need to get some serious alcohol in me before I get this tattoo."

Demetri looked at Hannibal over his shoulder like he was crazy before twisting in his seat and wriggling his foot in his Boss' face, "'Course I did! These things are crazy comfortable, Boss." He grinned at Valentin, "And I ain't a kid, Will's younger than me anyhow."

Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will, enjoying the closeness between the two of them and basking in it because soon enough it would be over for a while, "We'll have you floating enough that you'll probably enjoy it more than anything." He chuckled, looking in disgust at the orange shoes being thrust in his eye line, "I'm not going to even dignify that with an answer, just know I'm deeply offended by them."

Tabitha jumped up into the driver's seat, letting out a huff when she had to adjust the seat after Val had been driving, "Do me a favour and put the seat forward just a little when you get out?"

"I could but it's far more fun to watch you grow vexed." Val smirked from the back seat, shaking his head at Demetri's comment, "Says the man who ran from the house to the car? C'mon, Will's requested to be hammered by the time we ink him."

Tabby started the engine and pulled away from the kerb so quickly that everyone was thrown backwards in their seats as she sped further out of town, "You got it!" She shoved Dem's foot away with a roll of her eyes, "You know better than to tell him no, just makes him do it more." She added to Hannibal with a glance in the rear view mirror.

Will hummed softly, nuzzling into Hannibal's neck and doing everything he possibly could to hide how wired he was - the next couple of weeks were going to be hell and he knew it. Chilton would want to punish him for getting out, he would be passed around anyone the pimp could think of, he would be beaten and starved before he could get close enough to Chilton to end him. The man didn't like to fuck his whores until they were completely

broken. The submissive knew that even Hannibal didn't realise what they were sending him into, they thought it would be quick and relatively painless, he was allowing them to think that. If they knew the truth they would never allow him to go.

Demetrius laughed and put his feet up on the dash, cracking up the music until her car was practically vibrating with the bass, "Let's get this party started!"

Hannibal simply ran his fingers along the skin exposed above Will's waistband, hoping to soothe the worry he could smell. He sighed softly when Demetri's foot were put on the dash, "Demetrius, what have I told you about your feet."

Val lent forward to flick the back of Dem's head, "If you don't put your feet down, Tab will break and you'll have a deviated septum to add to the list of injuries you're collecting." He half smiled, reaching under the seats to find a bottle of scotch he'd stashed there a week prior, "Speaking of, I have booze for everyone but the driver."

Tabitha held a finger up to the Viking as she drove, swatting D's hands from the stereo but otherwise leaving it as it was, "One of you light me a cigarette, I can barely parent Demetri, drive in a straight line and try to call the manor all at the same time." She complained, stabbing a few buttons on the centre console until a dialing tone filled the car, cutting out the music for the moment.

Three rings later, a rich sounding voice poured from the speakers, filling the car, "Ravenstag Manor, what's your perversion?"

"Sabine, it's Tabs, I'm heading up with four in tow. Make sure the office is ready for me and pull the good booze from the cellar, only for us. Make sure the girls know that." She said, turning off the freeway and heading down the back roads, to avoid being seen.

Sabine's tone brightened up, clearly having been using her work voice, "You got it boss. We have a couple new arrivals, you wanna test 'em out before we say yes or are we trial running it."

Tab pursed her lips for a moment, humming as she thought it over, eyes glued to the road, "Send them out for a trial run, give them outfits we can identify and we'll see how they deal with my guests." She smirked a little glancing in the rear view mirror at the male's in the back seat, "They're not the usual crowd, they're VIPs."

The female on the phone was quiet for a moment, "Alright, you're the boss. I'll send 'em out now. See you soon." The phone clicked as it was hung up, a moment later the music roared back to life.

Will grabbed the bottle off Val the minute he saw it, downing a good amount before passing it forward to Demetrius and snagging the cigarettes and lighter out of Hannibal's suit jacket pocket, lighting one for his Mistress and passing it forward before lighting another for himself, taking a deep drag, closing his eyes and letting his Daddy's touch soothe him, already letting himself drop into sub space.

Demetrius took his feet down and waited until he was completely sure Will wasn't listening before clearing his throat, "Anyone else thought we could just drop him at Chilton's door now? It'd save him worrying all night… right?"

Val smirked at Will, waiting to get the bottle back to take a huge swig before passing it to Hannibal, "I'm glad it wasn't the aged bottle I had my eye on." He chuckled.

Tab took the cigarette as it was offered to her, putting her foot down as the road cleared out of other traffic, "I don't want any funny business, don't harass my girls and I won't kick you out." She stated, smacking Demetri's leg, "Don't be a dick, we're doing this right. No half assing about it."

Hannibal swigged from the bottle a few times before handing the bottle forward to Dem and returning to his task of keeping Will calm and safe. After a moment he lent down to mutter by the sub's ear, "You know we love you, don't you William. Because that's the god's honest truth, we love you more than you can imagine."

Val sunk down in his seat a little, watching the scenery as it flew by, "Jesus Tab, I thought you wanted us to get there in one piece? And as if we'd ever do anything to upset you're girls, or boys. I'm sure they all know how to defend themselves if need be, they are yours after all."

Demetrius snorted, "The last time I called one of them a whore they threatened to castrate me." He shuddered, looking at Val over his shoulder with wide eyes, "I've been a model gentlemen ever since."

Will nodded, taking another drag before kissing Hannibal deeply, pushing the smoke into his mouth, "Mmm I know… Hard time understanding why but I know you do…" He purred softly, "Love you too… And Sir and Mistress… Even Demetrius and he's an asshole who wants to drop me off on a doorstep like a fucking milk bottle."

"Hey!" Dem winced, "I thought you weren't listening… but I love you too, Brat. Don't love no one as much as Val though." He vibrated happily in his seat, "Fuck yeah! We're here!"

Tab arched an eyebrow at Dem, "Yeah well you get what you deserve. There's a reason I hardly ever bring any of you over here and it's because your best behaviour is bad for business." She smirked, flicking her cigarette out the window as she pulled into the round gravel driveway and parked up in front of the stone stairs.

Hannibal groaned softly into the kiss, exhaling the smoke with a half smirk, cupping the submissive's jaw lightly, "We wouldn't ever do that to you, and I'm sure Demetrius loves you in his own way, as difficult to express as that may be."

Val jumped out of the car the moment it had stopped, opening the door for Dem and offering a hand to help him out of the SUV, knowing that Tabitha had strict rules about entry into the manor and not wanting to risk getting something wrapped around his head for impatience.

Hannibal stepped down from the car and waited for Will to get out too, his arm slipping around the younger's male's shoulders as he followed the others up to the door.

The female led the way up the stairs, smirking as the door opened just ahead of her, a barely dressed but well built male in head to toe gold body paint rushed out to meet them, catching the keys Tabitha tossed to him and heading off to park the car, “Don’t leave ass prints in my seat, Logan!” the redhead called after him, stepping into the entrance hall and pushing the heavy wooden doors to the main area open, music rolling out to meet them from within.

Tab turned on her heels, walking backwards with her arms outstretched at her sides, “Welcome to Ravenstag manor, Will.” She grinned, stopping only as a leather clad mixed raced woman walked toward her with a whip curled on her hip, “Sabine, darling. I trust nothing went wrong while I was gone?”

“Just the usual bullshit but quickly rectified…” She trailed off, eyes dragging over the guests her boss had bought with her; Of course she knew Hannibal, they all did by reputation alone - only a few had ever met him in person though. With a smirk she clicked her fingers, beckoning over a group of girls to welcome everyone, her eyes lingering a little too long on Will, “This one… He’s cute. Yours, I assume, Mistress?”

Valentin looked very much like a child on christmas morning as his eyes swept over everything in sight, almost trying to decide where he wanted to start in order to hit everything that caught his eye. He barely had a second to comprehend that he was being surrounded by mostly naked women who were tugging his leather jacket from his shoulders, “Woah, ladies, ladies.. There’s more than enough to go around, and you’re all very beautiful.. But I’m only here for the warm up.” He explained, giving a quick glance to Dem before shrugging.

Hannibal simply brushed off the women’s and handed over his blazer, not without taking his gun from the pocket to tuck in the back of his pants, “William belongs to all of us, myself and Tabitha more than anyone but we have an arrangement. See to it that none of the girls compromise that arrangement.”

Sabine nodded her understanding, holding her arm out of Tabby’s coat before handing over a large lock box, “Guns, please, house rules I’m afraid but you’ll soon forget about missing them.” She held the box out to all the males except Hannibal, “Mister Lecter has his own rules, but I must insist, for the safety of our staff.”

Will swallowed tightly, a little overwhelmed, the room was crowded and opulent, naked bodies twisted around one another. It was amazing and sensual but also a tiny bit terrifying. The submissive was glad for the strong arm wrapped around him as a small, beautiful blonde carefully unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it off his shoulders, leaving his slender, hairless chest bare.

Demetrius was enjoying the attention but found it all a little odd - he had literally zero interest in any of the naked bodies in the room - gorgeous as they were - for once in his life he was totally content with what he had. The toned bodyguard drew his lover into a deep searing kiss, marking his territory, until he jerked away from the box as though he’d been burnt, eyes wide and strangely vulnerable for Demetrius as his hand closed protectively on the hilt of his antique, bronzed handgun and he looked pleadingly between Val, Tabitha and Hannibal, “I…” He shook his head, he’d never actually been to Ravenstag before, didn’t know the rules, but his father’s gun meant more to him than anyone could understand, he never let it out of his sight - it was the only thing of his he owned. His mouth went dry as he

backed towards the door, “I’ll wait outside until you’re done.” He said, his voice shaking slightly, “Sorry, I didn’t know.”

Hannibal slipped his hand down to the small of Will’s back, applying soothing pressure while allowing the blonde to complete her task uninhibited, the moment he was relieved of his shirt, the older male instantly pulled him flush against him once more, cupping the blonde female’s face to have a good look at her, “Stunningly beautiful..” He murmured before letting her go again with a smile.

Val barely had a second to think as he was pulled into the kiss, his arms instantly wrapped around Dem’s waist to pull him closer only to groan as the younger male jerked back. He took a second to regain his bearings then deposited his gun in the box with a smile, “No problem sweetheart, I’m a good boy when I want to be.” He added with a wink, catching his lover’s arm before be could slip out but Hannibal’s voice cut him off before he had a chance to try and talk him out of leaving.

“It’s fine, Demetrius is my personal guard. I’ll surrender my weapon but he must keep his.” He stated, slipping his gun from the waistband of his pants to place in the box which was immediately closed and locked with a code. He looked back at the younger male softly, “Come, join us. We’re not letting you miss out on this.”

Tabitha sent Sabine off to the office to put the guns in the safe, slipping between the group to gently tilt Dem’s head down so she could kiss him tenderly, “I didn’t get the chance to warn them, I’m sorry babe.” She smiled up at him, eyes sparkling with mischief under her lashes, “Forgive me?”

Dem let out an almost painful sigh of relief, mouthing his thanks to Hannibal as he let his hand slide off of his gun, He dutifully dipped his head into the kiss, biting down softly on Tabitha’s lip, “Always.” His grin was lopsided, “Sorry… I just… can’t, y’know?”

Will bristled as the blonde preened at Hannibal’s touch, enjoying the attention just a little too much. He glared at her until she melted back into the crowd, “Mine.” He muttered, winding his Daddy’s arm tightly around him again, “Tonight you’re mine.”

“Brat’s getting possessive.” Demetrius snorted, his bravado back now he knew his father’s gun was safe. “Better go get him inked so’s everyone can see. I want my mark just here… What do you recon?” He yanked the fly of his jeans open and pulled them down to reveal the deep V of his hip’s.

“Mmm I like it.” Will hummed, dropping to his knees and running his tongue over the area, swiping over the sharp hip bone, steadying himself with his hands on the back of Demetri’s knees.

‘Metri let out a yelp of surprise, “Fucking shit, Will! A little warning next time…”

Hannibal nodded once, taking glasses of bourbon from a waitress passing by, handing one to Will and let out a chuckle at the sub’s possessiveness, “I am always yours, William.” He breathed.

Tabby waved dismissively, “Forget it, never happened and you won’t have to worry about it again. Promise.” She smiled brightly, simply stepping aside to get a better look at Will as he tasted the guard, “Hannibal’s rubbing off on you.” She muttered with a raised brow at her husband.

Val smirked, winding an arm around both Dem and Tab, pulling them closer, “I’m giving it to Hann, he’s the artist, who better to decide the placement?” The blonde pulled his companions along, heading from the main open ball room down a corridor and into the tattoo studio, “Leave us.” He stated, lounging across the leather couch to flick through one of the portfolios.

The tattooist with a bright blue bob looked up in shock at being ordered from the room, looked up and met the eyes of Tabitha then dropped her gaze again to scurry past the group.

“Oh and, bring us a bottle of bourbon. The good stuff, sweetie.” Tabby said before the other female could go too far, “And keep them coming all night.” She smiled until the woman was gone then perched herself on the arm of the couch, smacking Val’s feet off the vintage leather, “I’m thinking I want another tattoo too, but Will’s first. He needs to be claimed, permanently.”

Sitting himself on the stool to pull on a pair of black nitrile gloves, Hannibal began to set up the equipment to his liking; switching out the inks and needles for a brand he preferred. Once he was done, he stood momentarily to wipe down the table then pointed to it as he sat once again, “Up you get, little lamb. Someone put one some music before I fall asleep.” He added with a smirk.

Will hopped up onto the table, chewing on his lip as he looked at the needle aprehensively, “Where’re we gonna do it?” He asked curiously, downing his glass of bourbon, “It’s gotta be somewhere Chilton won’t see easily… other people won’t know it for what it is - he would.”

Demetrius rolled his eyes, searching out the music and setting it off as he stripped completely and plonked his bare ass down on the floor to watch the show, leaning against Valentin’s legs, “Fifty says he’ll cry.”

“I’ll take that bet.” The sub rolled his eyes, “You’re underestimating my pain tolerance. Mistress has played with me enough times in the club - she knows.”

Hannibal tapped his chin for a moment in time to the beat of the music then pulled his stool closer to the table to run a finger over the sensitive skin down the side of Will’s ribcage, “Here would be difficult to see with your arm obscuring it, or we could go for the inside of your upper arm where it sits against your ribs, the choice is yours. Whichever you would feel better about.” He added, half turning to pour some ink into a container, shooting a glare at Demetri even as his eyes wandered over the curve of his ass before he managed to tear his gaze away again.

Tab got to her feet to take the bottle of bourbon wand glasses when it arrived, closing the door pointedly as she walked away, “You’d be surprised, he never once coloured out with me. I took it as a challenge just to get him to yellow.” She smirked, kneeling in front of the table to set all the glasses in a row then pouring bourbon from one end to the other, “If I were you

I'd take that bet, Val." She giggled, pushing glasses forward then getting up with her own to saunter across the room, handing the bottle to the sub and running her fingers through his hair, "You'll be fine, drink up."

Valentin shrugged, slipping further down the couch now his feet were off the leather to nip Dem's jaw lightly, "Play nice, boys. But I'll take that bet, we'll see who's laughing when you've had your stamp of ownership."

"On my ribs." Will purred, shivering at the touch to his side and lying back, closing his eyes, "Once I'm back you can give me a work of art somewhere more visible, deal?"

Dem rolled his eyes, tipping his head back to allow Valentin easy access, his legs widening to expose himself completely. He winked at Will as he saw the submissive open his eyes to watch, "I'm sure me and Val can put on a show to distract you."

Will whined softly, growing uncomfortably hard as his erection pushed almost painfully against the fly of his tight leather pants, "F-Fuck Daddy… Need.. need them off before we start. Please?"

Hannibal hummed appreciatively at Will's suggestion, turning to grab a disinfecting spray and paper towels to clean off the area in question before running a razor over his skin just to be sure it was completely bare, "I'm going to cover your entire upper back." He stated with a smile, having been imagining numerous designs on the younger male's body since he'd laid eyes on him.

Val groaned softly as his lover's legs parted further, his hand automatically dropping the portfolio on the couch next to his legs to trail his hand down to palm at his length, "We can definitely do that." He purred, licking his lips with his eyes on Will, "Climb up here, Dem, Will's got a good view from there… And I owe you a good blow."

Tabitha's hand slipped down the front of the submissive's pants having pulled down the zipper, "Mmmm, can i play with the puppy, Daddy?" she asked, blue eyes wide and bright as she looked at her dominant.

Lecter surveyed the scene around him before nodding his approval, "You may, but take it easy, I need William to remain still while I work." He said pointedly, before gesturing to Will's pants, "If you please."

The female grinned, pulling Will's pants off and tossing them onto a free chair, she then hopped up on the table to straddle the younger male, both legs hanging over the sides of the table for ease of movement; Tab leaned forward to run her tongue in the hollows of the sub;s hips with a soft moan, "Ready when you are, Daddy."

Will whined softly as he was left only in his black lace panties, biker boots and collar, he moaned as he felt his Mistress' tongue on his skin, trying hard not to move - he wanted to be good, last thing he wanted was to make Hannibal mad on their last night together for a while, "G-Go ahead… Can't have my collar, want to have something with me."

Demetrius didn't need to be told twice, he scrambled up onto the couch, draping his naked body over his lover's clothed one - his gun rested on the table, within his grasp if it was needed, "Fuck I love you, Val… Been waiting so long for this."

Hannibal lifted Will's arm up, positioning it behind the sub's head to give him the space to begin his masterpiece, "I'm sure Tabby will behave, she knows what happens if I make mistakes." He smirked, gently stretching Will's skin as his foot pressed lightly on the pedal, setting the machine whirring. After a moment's thought he started his unmistakable signature, spanning the length of Will's ribs. Every few moments he wiped away the ink splatter and small amount of blood that welled, otherwise only pausing to take a drink from his glass before continuing.

Tabitha grinned up at Will, across the length of his body as he tongue traced the outline of his cock through his lace panties, "These are hot.. Think we can make them dirty before Val unwraps them?" She laughed softly, mouthing at his length teasingly, nails dragging along his thighs roughly.

Valentin chuckled at Dem's eagerness, gently tugging him a little further up his body, lowering his voice so as not to be heard over the music, whispering into his lover's ear as his hand wrapped around his rock hard length at the same time, "Never thought I'd say this to anyone and mean it, but I love you too.. And I love what we've made here; family, lovers, everything." He chuckled, resting his other hand on the toned male's ass, "Now I want you to pretty much sit on my face, if you're lucky I might eat your ass too." He winked up at the other male, sitting back to get comfortable, waiting for Demetri to move into position.

Letting out a low moan, Will found himself trembling from the waist down - his torso stumbornly still. The mixture of sensations was driving him insane. Honestly he'd expected more pain from the needle, it was irritating and he was sure it was going to sting like a bitch the next morning but it was nothing he couldn't handle. But the juxtaposition of that slight pain and the gentle touch of his Mistress' tongue on his straining erection was sending him over the edge. The floor show from Demetri and Valentin wasn't helping - the tangled mess of dark and light skin was incredibly hot.

Demetrius needed no further encouragement, he got quickly into position, winking over his shoulder at his lover, "Please… once you see how pretty I am down there you'll be begging me for a taste." The guard actually had the Jack's of Hearts and Spades on each ass cheek, one each side, - a lost bet from when he was around seventeen and stupid.

Tabby's gentle manipulation of Will's length gave her enough space to just about suck the head of his cock into her mouth through the panties, tongue flicking against the tip before letting go to nip and suck at the submissive's lower abdomen.

Hannibal simply smirked as he dipped the needle back in the ink, looking around the room that was suddenly thick with arousal, making his own pants tight but not to the point of discomfort. He knocked back his bourbon and took the bottle from Will to pour more before handing it back and continuing with the tattoo.

Val's hand splayed across Demetrius' upper back, pushing the younger male to lean forward, his own hips bucking up as his eyes landed on the twin tattoos on his lover's as, "And here I

thought you were a blank canvas all these years." He chuckled, adjusting under the younger male, his tongue running along the underside of his cock with a groan before suddenly taking him all the way into his mouth, throat relaxed so he slipped as far as possible with very little effort to swallow around him.

Will downed a good portion of the bourbon, coughing a little as the harsh alcohol hit the back of his throat. Soon enough he felt Hannibal winding down and the submissive was painfully hard, panting with the effort of not moving, "P-Please… Daddy… Mistress… Please can I come?"

Demetrius was lying chest to chest with his lover, having gotten everything he needed already, "Me next." He grinned, "Want my mark, I've fucking earned it." The guard chewed on his lip in thought "You got white ink, Boss? I want this one to stand out."

Wiping off the last of the stray ink and blood, Hannibal set down the tattoo machine to watch Will trembling under Tabitha's ministrations for a minute or two before finally giving his permission to the submissive, "You may, whenever you are read."

Tabby dragged her teeth along the underside of Will's length, knowing he needed only very little additional stimulation to go over the edge.

Val sat up enough to lean against the arm of the couch, his boots still firmly on the ground so as not to invoke the wrath of the female, running his thumb across his lower lip to make sure he had caught everything he'd milked from Dem. "Someone's already thinking about showing it off around the house." He teased.

The grey haired male stretched out the tight muscles of his back, picking up a fresh needle and a bottle of white ink, "Of course, I am always prepared for anything One of those being that someone of your complexion asks for one of my masterpieces." He chuckled, pressing a kiss to the reddened skin around Will's new tattoo, "Whenever you're ready, Demetrius."

Will came hard, soaking his lace panties until his come pooled uncomfortably in the slip, he pulled Tabitha up into a deep kiss before doing the same to his Daddy, "Thank you…" He breathed, "Both of you…"

"Yeah, yeah… everyone's thankful to everyone, now move." Demetrius laughed, loping over to the table and pushing the sub off the service before hopping up himself and leaning backwards, "Paint me like one of your french ladies, Boss." He grinned cheekily.

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Will woke the next morning with a happy moan, his body painted in come and sweat and at the bottom of a twisted pile of bodies. The night had been fantastic - the five of them had finally joined together properly and it had been… almost magical. He hissed at the dull ache to his brand new tattoo and wriggled out from underneath all of his lovers. The submissive looked around the room and couldn't help but smile, Ravenstag looked completely different in the daylight but it had very much the same feel as their house, it felt almost as much like home as their penthouse did, "Gonna have to spend a lot more time here when I'm back…." He mumbled to himself, "I could get used to this place."

Hannibal roused as his arm was moved from the submissive's waist, he cracked open an eye to determine how early it was by the brightness of the room then groaned as he shifted himself from under Valentin's muscular body to roll to his own feet, stretching the pleasant aches from his body. "Mistress spends plenty of time here during the day, you wished to be involved more in the business; perhaps this is your opportunity to use your own skills to help the manor." He said softly, not wanting to wake the others.

Standing to get up and find a pair of discarded boxers from the floor, the older male wrapped his arms around Will with a smile, pressing a soft kiss to his neck with a hum, "I think spending more time with Tabitha and her staff would do you good. They all have much the same sarcastic bite as you, I have no doubt you'll offer valuable guidance in their field."

The submissive let out a happy hum, pressing back into the warm chest behind him and tipping his head to the side to allow easy access to his neck, "I… think I'd like that." He nodded slowly, "I don' have anything against prostitution as a profession. Some - like me - have grown up without any other options and it's all we're good for. It's an honest job, so long as everyone's treated with respect. I think that's why places like this are good… it keeps everyone safe."

Will fell silent for a long time, looking over the three sleeping bodies to make sure they were in fact asleep. He'd intended to be upbeat about the plan, he knew that his lovers were all on a knifes edge, if he showed any weakness they'd buckle and change their minds - but he couldn't lie to Hannibal, "I… I'm scared, Daddy." He whispered, fighting past the lump in his throat, "I want to do this… I'm going to but… just the thought of being back there." It made his skin crawl.

Hannibal's teeth grazed over the submissive's neck as he spoke, nodding slowly as he thought over the idea of coming to work with Tabitha, "Tabby is very good at what she does. She'll cater to almost everything but she has rules and if they're broken… Well, you know our rules about that." He half smiled, nuzzling his nose into the space under Will's jaw, as if trying to fill his every sense with Will while he still could.

Sensing Will's tension, Hann tilted his head a little and waited for the younger male to share; it wasn't his place to pry into the submissive's feelings, not at a sensitive time like this. The greying male nodded slowly, letting out a deep sigh, "I know you are.. I wouldn't usually admit it but, I'm terrified as to what might happen to you while you're there." He admitted at almost a whisper, "You're putting yourself right in the line of fire, Little Lamb, and I hope you realise this means so much to all of us that you'd do this."

Lecter sighed, gently turning Will around in his arms to cup his face between his hands, making sure they had maintained eye contact, "I don't care who your father is, all I care is that he left you with Chilton for all those years and did nothing about it when he had ample chance to. He's the man who kept Tabitha captive for years, barely fed her, raped her time and time again and then butchered her when he got her pregnant at fifteen.." He swallowed past the angry lump in his throat, glancing over at Demetri's sleeping form, "He's also the man that killed Demetrius' father, something he knows he'll never be able to avenge. It means so much more to all of us, because you're risking everything to go back to your

abuser, to bide your time and take him out. You are my weapon as well as my lover, I have faith that you'll do this and return home safe to us."

"He… knew about me." Will said slowly, pressing himself close to Hannibal's chest, his ear against his heart, "I… Mom was… I mean she did love me. She was just weak. She let men use her and abuse her, Darko… my stepdad… and then she died. But she never lied to me, it would have been a kind lie, to tell me he'd never known she was pregnant, that he'd never had the chance to love me. Truth is he skipped out when I was tiny, he chose to leave. She'd never tell me who he was but she told me that. I can never forgive him for that. And I hate him for what he did to Mistress and Demetri. If going back to Chilton helps to take him down in the long run then I'll do it but…" The sub hesitated, "You realise this isn't going to be quick, yeah? I don't think that they do but you realise it. I'll be there for weeks and by the time I get out it won't be pretty. That's if I get out at all, I'll take him down with me but… there's every chance he'll kill me. Are you prepared for that? You have to prepare them for that while I'm away."

Demetrius groaned, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "Fuck last night was awesome… But now I need KFC. Chicken anyone?"

Hannibal held Will against his bare chest, one hand tangled in the back of his curls and the other firmly around his back, forcing himself to take calm and measured breathes so as not to get angry at the idea of exactly what Will was getting himself back into, "I know.. And I think Val knows too, so we'll do what we can to prepare them for the worst." He sighed, gently tilting the sub's head up to press their lips together, "You know where to find one of us if you need to, you call if you need out. There's always a way to get you out, I need you to know that."

Tabitha groaned as Demetri shifted her body as he sat up, she put a hand to her head until she stopped feeling like she was on a water bed, "God no, I think I'll hurl if I eat greasy chicken." She muttered, rolling Val off her legs and over the edge of the bed to sit up and stretch her body out, "Besides, I have to call the daily meeting, make sure everyone still in one piece." The female stood and pulled one of the wooden panels away from the wall to reveal a closet full of clothes, once she'd retrieved a bodycon dress from it, she looked over he shoulder at the males, an eyebrow raised, "The kitchens are making breakfast as we speak, if you get there fast enough they'll make you some fried chicken."

Hitting the floor with a thump and starting awake from the impact, Valentin pulled himself up to sitting and glared at the redheaded female, "I heard the word breakfast and I'm sold."

Will hummed his agreement into the kiss but he knew he wouldn't use the out. He'd always regret it if he did, he was going to take Chilton down or die trying - no way was he going back to the house a failure.

Demetrius sprinted out of the room completely naked, following the smell of food to the kitchen, "I'll be back!" He shouted over his shoulder, "I'll bring normal breakfast food too - promise!"

Chuckling weakly, the submissive threw Valentin''s clothes at him before slipping on his own leather pants and padding to the closet, pulling out a shirt that he could only assume was

Hannibal's and slipping it on, "I know I should eat… might be the last time I get to in a while but… don't know if I can stomach it. I just want to get this over with. Do we need to work out a script of insults or are you guys just going to wing it?"

Tabby rolled her eyes as she pulled her dress on and smoothed it down her body before looking herself over and taking it back off, deciding jeans and a shirt would be better for this time in the morning, "They'll tell him in the kitchen that he can't bring food up here." she stated, running her fingers under her eyes to neaten up her smudged makeup, "We'll go down to the dinning room, it's just us and the staff."

Val caught his clothes with a grumble and pulled himself from the floor to redress, leaving his boots off for the time being, "As long as there's coffee and food, I don't care where it is. He'll eventually want his clothes back though.

"then he can come up here and get them, can't he?" Hannibal chuckled, sitting on the end of the bed to pull on his jeans and shoes, waiting until Will had taken a clean shirt before getting himself a slim fitting t-shirt and pulling that over his head, "And no, I'd rather we just stuck to the basics. We'll make a rather loud noise about being betrayed by you, implying that you knew all along. Tabitha need not participate, when Darko is involved she tends to let her heart rule her head." He arched an eyebrow at the dirty look she shot at him, "It's true, my love and you know it."

Will sighed but nodded, already dreading it, he actually felt a little sick at the thought of hearing the things he'd feared so much the day before, "Yeah… sounds like a plan. C'mon, breakfast." He held out his hand for no one in particular, waiting for one of them to join him.

Demetrius skidded back into the room, a sausage hanging from his mouth as he scowled at Tabitha, "Your staff are mean as fuck. Near enough killed me for stealing this." He bit off half of it and shoved the other into Valentin's mouth with a grin as he pulled on his clothes, leaving off the waistcoat, "Let's get this party started."

Will sighed but nodded, already dreading it, he actually felt a little sick at the thought of hearing the things he'd feared so much the day before, "Yeah… sounds like a plan. C'mon, breakfast." He held out his hand for no one in particular, waiting for one of them to join him.

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Blood And Thunder

Chapter Summary

The Family hands Will over to Chilton, with varying degrees of apprehension.

When he returns, will he be the same person who left?

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in as many days? I know, we spoil you!

As always, unbeta'd, all mistakes are our own.

Two hours later, Will was trying really hard not to throw up. They were watching the street outside the club, waiting for Chilton to make an appearance - there was no point doing this without him. His head snapped to the side as he heard Demetrius' warning whistle - he was coming round the corner.

Will turned wide, terrified eyes on Hannibal and Valentin and swallowed, not bothering to hide his tears - they'd help the show, "Okay.." He whispered shakily, "Show time."

Hannibal took a deep breath and resigned himself to his act, he nodded and gave Will one final kiss to the forehead, "I love you, William. We all do, remember that." He said softly, before pushing the back door open with his foot, face flushed with rage, "How dare you even think to come back here?! You're poison, you and your rapist father!" He roared, roughly shoving the submissive out of the estate car.

Tabitha put her arm on Hannibal's shoulder tentatively, "Hannibal, please. You're making a sc-" She cut off with a cry as Hannibal backhanded her across the face and sent the female flying into the door on the other side of the car.

"Silence. Or you will be next." He spat, casting a glance down at the sub on the street, "You can crawl back into the gutter we found you in, if we ever see your face around our business again, it will be the last time."

Val shot forward to mop the blood from Tabby's lip, his frown appearing to be from the conscious effort to not comment on the situation and that he hadn't been aware Tab and Hannibal had agreed on striking the redhead to sell the performance.

The submissive whimpered as he hit the cold, wet pavement hard. He crawled forwards, fingers clutching for Hannibal's trouser legs, "P-Please… Please… Daddy… Mistress. I didn't know! I swear I didn't know. I… I never knew who my father was. You have to believe me! Val! Please… Please tell them!" Will's breath hitched and he knew he was seconds away from a panic attack, it was hard to tell reality away from the act and Hannibal looked so angry, fury burnt in his eyes, "Don't make me go back. Please don't… I can't… I'm not good for anything but being a whore and I can't do that again."

Demetrius snorted, landing a kick to Will's stomach - miscalculating and hitting him a little harder than he'd planned, "Fuck off. The Boss ain't your Daddy. You Daddy is the bastard who murdered mine." His eyes were like steal as the guard started, acting as though he'd just noticed Chilton, "In fact… Here's your old Boss. May as well go back to him now, slut, it'll be a cold night on the streets."

Chilton reached the group and sneered down at the sobbing submissive, "What makes you think I'd want it back? Look at it… snivelling on the floor like a mutt." He shot a smirk at Hannibal and Tabitha, "Knew you'd work out it was worth nothing eventually." Stooping, the pimp took Will's face in a bruising grip before spitting directly into his eyes, "That's better. I suppose you are pretty enough, twink. You might make a useful plaything for my men… ain't nobody going to pay for your loose ass after you've been with *them*." He nodded towards the car.

Hannibal's eyes raised from Will to Chilton, dressed in what the older male could only describe as an expensive suit worn cheaply, he sneered at the other male before eventually turning his attention to Demetri, "Get in the car, now." He snapped, slamming the door closed to emphasise his point, staring straight ahead with his jaw clenched.

Tabitha let Val mop at her bloodied lip, her hand slipping into her husband's the moment the door was closed, "He'll be okay… He's gotta be okay.."

***

Will was close to breaking, his mind could only take so much more before he snapped. He wasn't sure how long he'd been away from his lovers – at first, he'd tried to keep track, five days – maybe six? – but he'd lost count soon enough. It was hard when you never saw daylight.

Chilton was furious with him for defecting to Hannibal, punishing him. At first, he'd just been locked in a room while the pimp was deciding what to do with him – then the punishments started. They started with whipping, old wounds reopening over the slender sub's back, wounds that were weeping and infected, he could feel the heat radiating off his skin. Then he'd started to get visitors in his room, his cell. Chilton set his most brutal men on him, let them do their worst. Eventually the submissive found he could retreat into his mind, while they were using his body his mind would be with Hannibal, Tabitha, Valentin and Demetrius. It only worked for so long, once the men ignored him colouring out he couldn't pretend any more.

He was getting weaker and weaker, he hadn't seen sunlight in weeks and he was given the bare minimum of food and water to survive. He'd lost whatever weight he'd put on in the last few weeks and then some, he was constantly hungry, constantly thirsty. One of his wrists was definitely broken, a couple of ribs cracked. One eye was swollen shut and his lips constantly chapped and bleeding from rough treatment. Realistically he knew that soon he'd die, he'd fail, but he held out hope. Chilton liked to take his whores once they were broken and he was definitely that. He was just scared that by the time his pimp decided to use him, he'd be too weak to kill him.

William fell into a fitful sleep, chained to the cold floor, and when he woke it was to find that he'd been moved. He was in Chilton's chambers. He was unchained. This was his chance – his only chance. He tried to focus on what they man was saying to him, words, insults, nothing new, but really, he was scanning the room – looking for his chance.

Chilton sent his guards out of the room, he didn't think Will would be a threat – *stupid*. A cornered dog will always attack. More words, Darko was coming, Chilton wanted to be able to tell the man he'd fucked his son, wanted to hold it over him. There was a letter opener on the desk, sharp and gleaming – *even more stupid*. Will was yanked up by his throat, thrown forwards onto the desk, bent over it. *Perfect*.

The letter opener was just out of reach, Chilton was too focused on his task to notice the sub's plight. Pain. Chilton thrust into him harshly, fingers digging into the wounds on the subs back. Horrific pain but glorious – the thrust had pushed him closer to the dagger, the fingers of his undamaged hand tightened around the cold metal. Searing come filled the sub's insides and he snapped – twisting he surged towards his rapist, fought him to the floor.

Once, twice, three times. The dagger entered the pimps' neck. Blood spurted forth, coating them both. Chilton twisted underneath his attacker, biting and clawing but Will held firm, he couldn't fail, not at the last moment. The pimp managed to grasp a heavy paperweight from the desk, swinging it into the side of the submissive's head in a last ditch attempt to get him off of him. Will fell backwards, dazed, he felt his own hot blood pour over his ear, knew that the wound would need stitching, but it didn't stop him. He turned back to Chilton and watched as he became still, as the light finally left his eyes. But it wasn't enough… Will's eyes fell onto the thin, sharp wire holding up a heavy, extravagant mirror – Extra stupid. And *perfect*.

Ten minutes later the sub found himself stumbling home, naked, covered in both his own blood and others, Chilton's semen dripping down his leg but triumphant. The pimps head hanging from his good hand.

Once he was home everything would be alright, they'd fix him, they'd put him back together. He hadn't failed. Hannibal was right, Will Graham was a *good boy*.

Almost a month of hearing nothing related to either Will Graham or Darko had turned the townhouse into an operation on tender hooks; There was no way of knowing which version of the penthouse occupants the goons would receive from hour to hour, let alone day to day. Most of the time nobody saw or heard from Tabitha, she was either deliberately locked upstairs trying not to think of all the things Chilton would be doing to Will, down in the

basement working off her frustration with Val or Dem, or simply nowhere to be seen - deciding that throwing herself into work at the manor was better than worrying.

Hannibal on the other hand had dived head first into work, formulating not only how they'd take Chilton's territory the moment Will succeeded in his task. He had no doubt that Will would complete his task or die trying, convincing the others that if they did lose Will to all the abuse, they had plenty of reason to go in all guns blazing and kill everyone. But that was only if their plan didn't work.

On this particular evening, the lower floors had heard nothing from the top floor, no fighting, no sex, nothing. If the goons weren't afraid to even think it, they'd say they were all sulking in the penthouse. Butch, one of Hannibal's most trusted guards got up from the couch in the front room to grab another case of beers from the basement and spotted an strange figure walking up the centre of the road, "Hey guy's come check this out!" He chuckled, pulling the blinds up to get a better look at the naked and bloodied form coming toward them, "Jesus, who let the freak out of the mental hospital."

One of the gathering guards at the window squinted to get a better look then recoiled in shock when he realised the figure had a decapitated head in their hand, "Fuck!" He cried, shooting from the room and jabbing the intercom system, "Boss! Boss!! There's someone carrying a head coming up the road, it looks like they're coming straight for us!"

Tabitha had jumped to her feet at the sound of the intercom buzzing, she only had to hear half of the story before she was grabbing the first gun on the table and flying down the hall to take the stairs to the ground floor.

Hannibal swore loudly, grabbing a baseball bat and a handgun before following after Tabby, hearing Val just moments later on his heels.

The female shoved her way through the group of guards to see who dared to fuck with the Lecter's during such a delicate time for all of them. The moment her eyes fell on the bloodied form she knew instantly who it was, "Get the fuck outta my way!" She screamed, pushing her way back through the bodies, flinging the front door open to run down and meet the submissive, "Will, thank god you're okay"

Hann barely caught what was going on but the moment he heard Tabby address the figure as Will he pulled the biggest coat from the rack and jogged out to wrap Will up, covering his modesty, "You're home, you're safe."

Will could have cried when the house came into view, he wanted to but he was so tired, and he'd lost a lot of blood. The submissive was freezing, he knew that he should be in pain but he was just numb. The moment he saw his Mistress and Daddy barrelling towards him he let out a soft whimper, his broken wrist flexing weakly as he tried to hug them, barely registering the soft material draped around him, "M'home…" He agreed, his voice hoarse from lack of use, "D-Did it… M'a… a good… good b-boy…" With no warning he eyes rolled backwards in his head and he crumpled to the ground, Chilton's head rolling out of his fingers.

Demetrius saw through the crowd before his lover and his eyes widened as he gripped Val's shoulder, "It's Will… Fuck, Val… The brat's actually alive!" He sounded overjoyed, he'd

honestly believed his friend and lover dead, “And he’s collapsed! Shit he looks like crap…”

Tabitha threw her arms around Will, crying tears of joy that she had her lover back in her arms. She pulled back from the hug to see the male’s eyes roll back in his head, “Will?”

Hannibal barely caught the submissive’s head to keep it from bouncing off the concrete then adjusted his position to scoop up the younger male’s frail body, “Valentine! Get your ass out here!” He cried, dropping his bat on the ground as he strode back toward the house with the sub in his arms.

“Jesus, fuck.” Val muttered, rubbing a hand over his face as relief washed over him, only for dread to set back in as he heard Hannibal shouting for him; He turned to leave the house, pulling Demetrius with him as he ran down the stone steps to pass the greying male. The blonde stopped short at the scene before him; Tabitha covered in blood after embracing Will, Hannibal’s bat in the middle of the street and of course Frederick Chilton’s head staring sightlessly up at him, “Holy fuck. He fucking did it.” He breathed, taking a fist full of Chilton’s hair to pick up the head then the bat, nodding to Demetri to help Tabby back into the house.

Demetrius wrapped his arm around Tabitha’s waist, unable to stop grinning despite the fact Will was seriously injured. He was *alive*, that was all that mattered - they could fix the rest. And it hadn’t all been for nothing, Chilton was dead, “Uh… What exactly are you planning to do with that?” He asked his lover, before turning back to the goods, eyes centring in on Butch, “You! Take some of our best and take over Chilton’s gaff before anyone else can. Let his whore’s loose… tell them if they want to disappear that’s their call but give them the Manor’s business card for if they want to try out. Kill anyone that protests and hold the fort until the Boss can decide what to do. Got it?”

Will whined softly as he was picked up, lulled back into consciousness by the familiar beating of his Daddy’s heart, “Did I do good?” He slurred, “M’sorry… sorry it took so… so long. Couldn’t get close… Chains.” The sub managed a weak version of his usual cheeky grin, “B-Brought you a c-cool souvenir though.”

Tabby lent heavily against Demetri’s side, letting him lead her back toward the house. Just trying to focus on getting inside to see to Will’s well being.

Val lifted up the head to display it to Dem with a grin, “I’m gonna take it upstairs and see what the boss wants to do with it. If he doesn’t want anything with it, I’m thinking of kicking it as far as possible from the roof.” He beamed again, jogging up the stairs to follow Hannibal and Will back inside.

Hannibal strode through the door and headed straight up the stairs and toward their bedroom. The moment he laid Will, down he sat on the edge of the bed to stroke the make’s curls back from his face, “You did spectacularly, Little Lamb, you cut the head off the snake and now you’re home. You can rest, my love.”

On her way back up to the penthouse, Tabitha stopped off in the red room with Val to grab as many first aid supplies as she could carry then rushed into the bedroom, eyes dragging over the young male’s slim form, “Jesus, fuck.. What do we fix first?”

Val simply dropped the head on a silver platter in the red room, spitting at it with a sneer before following after Tabby, instantly taking on the role of medic to kneel on the other side of the bed, taking a hold of the submissive's clearly broken wrist, "Get me a splint and some bandages, I've gotta straighten this out.. Grab something for the pain too."

The greying male checked over Will's ribs while trying to keep him roughly conscious, "It is a rather thoughtful gift, I thank you very much for it. But now we need to get you well, you just lay back and relax while we look after you."

Demetrius sorted through the supplies, handing Valetin everything he needed and filling a syringe with pain meds, sticking it in the sub's arm before he could protest. He made a wounded noise in the back of his throat as he looked will over, "Well, fuck, Will…" He mumbled, "What did the bastard do, use you as a chew toy?"

"M… near enough." Will grinned, though it came out as more of a grimace, "H-His men played with me a lot."

"Uh huh… I see that." Demetrius nodded, parting hair to try and get a good look at the head wound that was still bleeding sluggishly and turning him gently to get a good look at his back, "Yeah… Gonna need some serious stitching. We''ll let Val do that… he has the prettiest needlework. Gonna have to shave your pretty curls though, dude."

Will looked at Dem, high offending, "And here I thought you liked me…" He drawled sarcastically, his voice still slurred but smoother as his pain meds kicked in.

Dem raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms, "Uh huh. I like you alive so suck it up, Princess." He scowled as will closed his eyes and flicked his cheek bone hard, "Hey! Stay awake, brat! I've got three weeks of pissing you off to catch up on! What colour cast do you want? Pink and glittery yeah?"

"Fuck off, Demetri." The submissive whined, his voice weak, "B-Black… Like my soul." Will yawned, winking lazily, "Then D-Daddy can draw on it."

Tabby ducked out of the bedroom to compose herself and came back with the clippers, climbing back up on the bed next to Demetri, fingers stroking through any curls that weren't blood soaked, "We've been so worried about you…"She whispered gently.

Having looked over all of Will's wounds as Dem turned him over, Valentine pulled off his jacket as he climbed off the bed to get a basin full of water and some washcloths in order to clean up the submissive before he set to work stitching him up.

Hann smiled softly, "We'll try not to shave everything off, we know how much you like your curls but we can't stitch you up if we can't get to the wound." He stated, locking eyes with Tab to give her a nod of permission, "Save what you can, we're style it out once William has rested."

Val sat down again, a basin of water sat on the bedside table as he gently gripped Will's arm to straighten out the break, not giving a word of warning then set about cleaning as much

blood from his arm before passing the black plaster set to Demetri, “Bind this up and I’ll clean as much of this blood up before we start stitching.”

Will let out a bellow of pain as his wrist was straightened, curling in on himself and whimpering as that pulled on his back and ribs, “H-Hate you, Val. You’re supposed to be the nice one…” He whined before turning to Tabitha and smiling goofily, more than a little high, “Aw… I told you I’d be back. Just… took me a little longer than I’d planned.”

The sub reached out blindly with his good hand, catching Hannibal’s hand and squeezing as his wounds were cleaned, “Do me a favour… all of you… If I ever have another stupid idea like this… lock me up until I’m talking sense again.”

Demetrius chuckled as he set to with his task, “Done and done. Will… how long’s it been since you ate anything? You’ve gone all scrawny again.”

“Uh…” Will blinked, genuinely not sure, “Dunno? Chilton was keeping me weak. What’’s been g-going on here? Darko?”

Val grit his teeth as he moved around the bed to wash Will’s body as best as he could, “Yeah, I know. But it’s better to straighten it instead of letting it heal all fucked up.” He pointed out.

Tabby smiled as comfortingly as she could, setting about her task of shaving enough hair away to expose the head wound for Valentin to work on, “What matter’s is that you’re back, okay? You’re gonna be just fine, you hear me?”

Lecter chuckled under his breath, helping Val to clean up the submissive as much as was possible with him in this state, “You’re never doing anything like this again, you have my word on that.” He said firmly, looking up to meet the younger male’s eye, “We’ll get you something to eat once we’re done here, then we’ll take shifts to watch over you as you sleep. We’re not leaving you alone again, ever.”

The blonde male, set down his cloth having cleaned everything he could reach and dried off the sub so he wouldn’t catch a chill while laid out on the bed buck naked. He glanced up at Will as he reached for the first suture kit to get started on the young male’s head once Tabby sat back out of the way by close enough to hand things over if needed.

“We’ve got a plan, and we think it’ll work. Slowly infiltrating his organisation with very well paid spies - no way of them defecting. Once we’ve got enough, we’re walking in the front door and taking him off his throne.” Tabitha explained slowly, a smirk curling up the corner of her lips, “Hannibal’s gonna be the king of this city.”

The sub nodded weakly, tears leaking out of the corners of his eyes as he bit down on the back of his hand to distract himself from the pain that still stabbed at him through his medication. Panting of offered Tabitha a ghost of a smile, “Sounds… sounds like a solid plan.”

“Oh, Boss!” Demetri remembered suddenly, finishing off the cast, “I sent Butch to gain control of Chilton’s… Figured you’d be distracted by this one and that we shouldn’t wait.”

“M’more than happy to let you lot baby me for a while. Don’t… Don’t want to go anywhere. I’ve missed you all. It was… wasn’t easy.” The submissive was playing it down, he didn’t want to upset Tabitha too much, she’d been through it all before, “But… I’m gonna need a decent bath at some point. Full of Chilton’s slimy ass come at the minute.” Will shuddered, “And I’ll need to get tested before any of us can do anything… Not that I’ll be up to that for a while. Had a *lot* of unprotected sex over the last three weeks.”

Tabby gently rushed the tears from Will’s eyes, biting the inside of her cheek to keep her emotions in check, “That’s okay, baby. We’ll get you some antibiotics for all the wounds anyway, that’ll give us a kick start if they infected you.” She breathed, pressing a kiss to his forehead, “You haven’t gotta worry about that, we’re not animals and you know that.”

Hannibal’s jaw clenched and unclenched a few times before he managed to calm himself enough to stroke his thumb across the back of Will’s good hand, “Tabby’s right, you take as long as you need to recover. We just want you well again.”

Val pursed his lips, concentrating on stitching the gash in the younger male’s scalp as straight as he possibly could so the scar would eventually blend into the regrowth of the sub’s hair, “You can bathe properly in the morning, one of us will help you while the others burn the sheets. But for now, all you need to do is relax and let us look after you.” He half smiled, setting down the suture kit to dress the fresh stitches.

The Viking looked up to assess the remaining space on the bed, “We’ll get your back once Dem’s done with your arm. Then we’ll give you some booze and a little something to help you sleep.”

The sub nodded, clearly exhausted as they let them all comfort him, “Kay… I know I should eat but I just wanna sleep.” He chuckled darkly, rolling carefully over onto his stomach for them once his wrist was finishing, nuzzling his face into Hannibal’s thigh, his good hand coming up to take Tabitha’s, wanting to help ground her, “Chilton was a fucking idiot. Actually fucked me against a desk with a sharpened letter opener on it… Right in front of me too.”

“Amateur.” Dem snorted, “Can’t believe he didn’t think you’d fight back.”

“Tell me about it.” Will nodded, blinking up at his Daddy and Mistress, “Can… Please c-can I have my collar back now?”

As soon as Will had laid out on his front, Valentin straddled his ass with knees either side of his waist but made sure to hover far enough over him that he wasn’t even touching his lover’s body for fear or setting off a panic attack, “Well, now we’ve got a head in the red room and we’ve gained some territory form Darko.” He muttered, picking up a fresh needle to stitch up the deep wounds littered across Will’s back.

Hannibal opened his mouth to reply to Will when his phone rang, with a groan of annoyance he pressed a kiss to the back of Will’s hand as he stood up and slipped into the hallway to take the call.

Tabby took a deep breath and slid of the bed to pull the sub's collar from it's box in her closet, "I got it, don't you worry." She whispered as she climbed back on the bed, carefully slipping the collar back into place and adjusting it to the correct tightness, "How's that? Not too tight?"

Demetrius followed Hannibal out of the room to find something for Will to eat and drink. He hesitated before heating up a small bowl of tomato soup and crumbling some crackers into it, grabbing a bottle of water out of the fridge, "What do you think?" He asked Hannibal whilst the man seemed not to be speaking, "I figured start small and plain until he's used to eating again?"

Will relaxed, even as a needle was being forced into his skin, the slight restriction from the leather against his adams apple calming him, "Just tight enough." He promised, "Do you think… Would Daddy tattoo my whole back once it's healed? Try and hide the scars?"

Val ran his fingers slowly across the unharmed skin next to the wounds, happy that Will was finally relaxing properly for the first time in weeks. He hummed softly, checking over the stitches he'd already made to ensure they would heal well enough to be tattoos over, "I think that's something you'd have to discuss with him, but I'll make sure he's got a nice canvas to work on."

Tabby leaned back against the pillows on the bed, fingers trailing lazily across his jawline, "Daddy will do anything you want him to do. He likes to show off with big pieces." She assured him with a glare at Val.

Hannibal put his hand over the mic to answer Demetri, "My thoughts exactly, we'll work our way up at a later date. As long as he has some real food, that's the main thing." He stopped Dem with a hand on his arm, "I'll take first watch over him… I need you to watch Tabby and make sure she gets some sleep before her shift. Take her to your bed and just rest with her if you do not wish to sleep. But she shouldn't be alone."

Holding up a finger to indicate that the person on the other end of the phone was asking him something, Hann half turned to growl into the phone, "I don't care what the whores are saying, you clear them out and take them to the closest safe house. Once there, call Sabine and explain the situation. She'll take care of everything from there on." Hanging up, he faced the younger male and took a deep breath, "Chilton's properties have been seized, no need to worry about it for now." He half smiled then leaned to press a kiss to the corner of the male's mouth, "Thank you, for everything, Demetrius."

Will snorted, leaning into Tabitha's touch, "I know I'm pretty fucked up but you guys don't need to worry. I'm home now… And I've had worse." He paused with a grimace, "Well maybe not worse… but this is nothing new." The submissive looked over his shoulder at Val, "Are… Are you done now? If you are c-can someone help me up so we can change the sheets? I just want to cuddle with one of you and try to sleep."

Demetrius nodded shortly at Hannibal's request, "Of course, Boss. You don't even gotta ask, you know I'd do anything for her." His eyes widened at the kiss, still not use to affection from his father figure. His dark skin flushed as much as it could and he turned his head into

the kiss, deepening it and being careful not to spill Will's soup, "H-Han… I think Dad would approve, Of us… all of us. Don't you?" The guard shook his head out of his thoughts, "What are the whore's saying?"

Tabby rolled her eyes good naturedly, "Yeah well.. We just wanna make sure you're okay." she stated firmly, checking over the rest of the sub's body to make sure they had fixed everything they could.

Val nodded, throwing his equipment in a stainless steel bowl on the nightstand, "Yeah, I'm done." He said, washing his hands in the basin before standing to ease Will up into his arms, "I've got you, just hold onto me."

Tabitha shot to her feet the moment the blonde male had a hold of their lover. She pulled the soiled comforter and top sheet from the bed, balling it up on the floor by the door for disposal later. The redhead pulled back the duvet so Val could lay the skinny male back down to be covered over, "There you go, sweetie. I'll stay with you until Daddy's back, he'll wanna stay with you first."

As Demetri turned into the kiss, the greying male gasped the younger male's jaw to return the deeper kiss with a soft hum. Once he pulled back he rest their foreheads together, letting his eyes close over for a moment, "I do too.. He'd want you safe and loved, that's what you are. That will *never* change."

Sighing, Hannibal ran his hand through his hair as he pulled away from the other to shrug, "They're being less than cooperative. As you can imagine the guards and goons working for Chilton took advantage of them for years, some were found in their bedrooms when out men got there - my point being, they all have some form of Stockholm syndrome and don't want to leave. Best to leave Tabby out of it for now." He half smiled and nodded to the bowl of soup in Dem's hand, "He might not be awake for that, he can eat it later is he wants it."

Will whimpered softly as he struggled to find a comfortable position to lie in - on his front pulled on his ribs but on his back was agony. The submissive was aware he was acting like a needy puppy but under the circumstances he figured he'd be forgiven. He reached a heavy hand up to pull Valentin towards him by his shirt, leaning up to kiss his awkwardly, humming happily as his lover's scent washed over him, "Hey you… Didn't get chance to say hello properly. Missed you… Thank you for… for fixing me up… Sir."

"Figures." Dem muttered, "Yeah… between the three of us we can handle all this shit - Tab and Will don't gotta be bothered by it." He wandered back into the room, "I got soup…"

The sub groaned and shook his head, "If I eat before I sleep I'll hurl… thanks though, Dem. I could do with that water though, think I'm kinda dehydrated."

Demetri turned to Valentin, "By the way - both our phones are blowing up down there. The Bottomdwellers are seriously confused." He shrugged, referring to his nickname for those who lived on the lower floors. They hadn't revealed the plan to them for fear they couldn't keep it to themselfs - as far as anyone outside the penthouse knew, Will had been exiled for his parentage - and now he was suddenly back and carrying a head.

Tabby did her best to prop up the submissive so he could lay aided without being in complete agony by slipping pillows under him to ease some of the firmness of the mattress, “It’s alright, we’re here to help you.” She breathed, stroking Will’s cheek with her fingertips.

Val braced himself on his hand as Will pulled him forward, not wanting to crush the younger male under his weight or to cause him any more pain. He returned the kiss with a happy groan, pulling away to smile down at his lover warmly, “You have nothing to thank me for, I’d do anything for all of you.”

Hannibal slipped the glass of water from Demetrius’ hand as he entered the room, moving to sit on the bed as soon as Valentin had straightened up. As soon as he was positioned, he helped the slim make to sit up enough to drink from the glass slowly, “Easy now, don’t rush.” He murmured.

Moving around the room to pick up all the discarded medical equipment and the sheets that needed to be disposed of, Valentin sighed at his lover’s words, turning in the door way to meet Tabitha’s eye, “You wanna come yell at them with us?” He asked, trying and failing not to smile, “Everyone knows that f you’re putting your foot down, so’s the boss. I mean, you are the boss too, Tabs.”

“Such a brown noser.” Tabby rolled her eyes, barely hiding her smirk by turning her head away from her lover, “Fine, I’ll go down and crack a few skulls-”

“Not literally, I should hope.” Hannibal stated pointedly.

Tabitha groaned, stamping her foot in annoyance, “Daddyyyyy, you ruin all my fun.” She whined, pouting as she dragged her feet the entire way out of the room, muttering under her breath, “I’m gonna at least break their noses if they backchat me.”

Will desperately tried to get at the water, whining softly as it was taken away. He knew that he should take it slow but fresh, cold water felt so good. Once he’d drank as much as he was allowed he wriggled forward so that Hannibal had room to climb on the bed behind him, “Cuddles?” He whispered hopefully, insecurity swimming in his eyes - as though he almost expected to be rejected.

Demetrius sighed, it was definitely two steps back for their submissive but at least it was over now, “Boss… Any plans for the head? We can’t just leave it there… It’s gonna start to smell.” The moment they were out of the door he caught Tabitha’s arm, “Hey… You doing okay? Don’t lie… seeing the Brat like that’s gotta be hard. You’ve been there…”

Hannibal placed the glass on the nightstand next to the bed, within arms reach to give the younger male more later, “You can have more in a little bit. The last thing we want to do is make you sick after drinking too much too soon.” He pointed out, laying down next to the sub, carefully curling behind him once he’d kicked off his shoes, “Of course, my lamb. I’m going to stay with you for the next few hours.” He kissed the back of the sub’s neck, leaning his head on his arm to look at Dem, “Throw it in the freezer, I’m thinking I have the perfect use for it later.”

Val gave both his lovers on the bed a quick salute and a faint smile as he left them alone in the bedroom, following after Tabby and Demetri down the hall, his arms crossed over his chest.

Tabby stopped when she felt Demetrius' hand on her arm, her body almost deflating at her lover's soft tone, "I'm…" She paused and let out a long sigh, rubbing her nose awkwardly, "I'm not great, and I want to beat the shit out of something but I need to be here for Will so I can't do that." As the female went on talking, she began to hyperventilate, pressing her hand to her chest, trying desperately to get a hold of herself, "I just- I-I need.. I n-need to be strong, f-for W-Will."

The blonde male pulled Tabitha toward his chest, then grabbed Dem by the front of his shirt to press up against the female's back, grounding her between both of their strong bodies, "You are, Tabs, you're strong for Will but remember you're a victim too.. You can help him through this, but you need to look after yourself first."

Will let out a deep, shuddering breath as the door swung shut, he'd been holding it together as much was possible for Tabitha - masking his true emotions with his trademark sarcasm - but now he was alone with Hannibal his face crumpled and he twisted painfully to bury it in his Daddy's chest, his entire body shaking with the force of his muffled sobs, "I… He… They locked me in a room and… and I was chained down. There w-wasn't even a window. Then… Then they whipped me and I thought it wouldn't stop." The sub needed to get it all out, needed Hannibal to know exactly what had happened to him in the last few weeks, "He let them use me and… and fuck me and… they were so harsh, so rough and I… I'd forgotten what that was like. I f-felt like I was betraying all of you. A-And I was so weak 'cause… 'cause I was so hungry and thirsty a-all the time and… and they knew I was a sub so they kept… kept trying to instigate my sub drop. Jesus, Daddy… I thought I was g-going mad. I genuinely thought my m-mind had just snapped… I didn't think I was gonna make it home…"

Demetrius sighed, tightening his arms, "Will's okay, Tabs. He's back and he ain't goin' anywhere anytime soon. Let us look after you both… He's got plenty of people watching his back without you killin' yourself pretending everything's peachy. The boss wouldn't want that and we're sure as hell not gonna allow it"

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will the instant the door was closed, trying to hold him tightly to comfort him but also ensuring that he wasn't causing any more pain than he was already in, "I know sweetheart." He breathed, softly, waiting until the sub had finished talking before making an effort to say anything further.

Soothing a hand down the younger male's back, the mob boss cupped his lover's cheek to meet his eye, "You listen to me, William because I mean every single word of this; You are home, safe and we will *never* let anyone touch you again. I spent weeks imagining what it must be like, has assumed you to be dead a couple of times before Valentin could remind me that there was no way we wouldn't know about it. I have never ached so viscerally for a person as I did when you were with that thing, but you're here. With me.."

Tabby let the two of them keep her upright until her breathing was finally back under control and she could actually pay attention to what both males were saying to her. Letting out a deep

sight, she nodded and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand roughly, “Yeah, I know.. But right now, I wanna threaten to smash a few people’s skulls in with a baseball bat.”

Valentin pulled Tabitha’s hand away from her face to wipe her tears with the pad of his thumb, “Don’t do that you’ll ruin your make up.” He tutted, pressing a kiss to the female’s forehead before letting out a chuckle, “Of course, we’ll do that.. But you gotta promise that you’re gonna take it easy tonight, get some rest before your shift with Will.”

Will’s frail body shook with the force of painfuly sobs as he desperately tried to get enough air in even as his damaged rib cage restricted it, he bit down on Hannibal’s shoulder, like a puppy reassuring itself that their master is there, and allowed the older male’s deep, rumbling voice to soothe him, “I just… I d-don’t want to be kept out of the fight completely.” He whispered softly, “And I don’t regret doing what I did… Chilton needed taking out and I… I wanted to be the one to do it but…” The sub peaked up into his Daddy’s eyes, “Can… I don’t wanna be alone. If I’m fighting can… would it be okay if I always stuck with one of you? I… I know it’s pathetic.” He flushed, mortified that he was with a fucking Mob boss, his wife and two generals and scared to be alone, “I know… I’m broken but I… I’m scared. I don’t… I been a whore for so long and I’m scared that Darko will get me… that he’ll drag me back into that world. If the last few weeks has taught me anything it’s that I can’t do that any more. It damn near killed me…” His breath caught in his dry throat as he started to cough, unable to stop even as the movement jarred his ribs, Will reached hopefully for the glass of water with a shaking hand.

Demetrius dropped a gentle kiss to Tabitha’s forehead before stalking into the Red Room and returning grasping Chilton’s head, “If this leaks all over my Half Baked I’m gonna beat Will’s face in.” He muttered, throwing it into the freezer, “Why couldn’t he have just left the thing there?” Turning back to Tabitha the guard raised an eyebrow, “Look, Tab… Maybe you shouldn’t take a turn with Will, yeah? We can handle it.”

Hannibal pressed light kisses across Will’s forehead before resting their heads together, “William, you and Tabitha are the two most important things in my life. I would never let you return to a life that will kill you. Ever.” He let out a breath and pulled back to meet the sub’s blue eyes, “You stay with Tabby, no matter what happens. Between the two of you and your rage held for that piece of scum, you’re deadlier than the rest of us.”

Tabby wrapped her arms around Val’s waist, letting go briefly to grab the metal baseball bat from the red room, then continuing towards the stairs with the blonde male, “I’m sure whatever Daddy has planned with it, it’s gonna be gruesome and worth every second.” She smiled, stopping at the top of the stairs to look at Demetri for a long moment, “Yeah, maybe… But then again, I’m the only one who really knows what he’s been through. He’s gonna need someone who truly understands when he’s ready to talk about it.” The redhead turned at that and headed down the stairs, business face in place as she descended to the ground floor.

Heels clicking on the wooden floors, Tabitha stood a few steps up from the bottom of the stairs to look over the chaos before the three of them. All the goons not currently posted around town were huddled together shoving and shouting over each other as they tried to work out what the hell was going on. Growling under her breath, Tab raised her bat and

smashed one of the picture frames on the wall - a cheap knock off gifted to them by an under boss in the city - prompting silence to fall over the room, “Which one of you is gonna grow a pair and tell me what the fuck you think you’re doing in my house when you should be out on the streets doing whatever the fuck it is you do when you’re not on duty.” She raised her vice just enough to be heard, but the cold rage in her tone was impossible to ignore.

Will nodded, relaxing as he saw no judgement in the older male’s eyes, “M’just glad I’m back.” He said honestly, melting into his Daddy’s arms, “Thought I’d never see this place again, or you…” He shuddered, “Do we get to kill Chilton’s goons? Cause they’re bastards.” The fingers of the submissive’s good hand curls protectively around his collar, as if reassuring himself that it was still there, “Daddy… when I’m healed will you tattoo my back? All of it? Over the scars.. And while I’m getting better will you draw on my cast? I got some gold and silver pens somewhere…” He yawned, looking like a disgruntled puppy.

Demetri beamed as he slid down the banister after Tabitha, he wasn’t going to miss this for the world. He knew Will had been barely clinging to life, to sanity, when they’d gotten him but he was gonna be okay - he could finally smile again. The guard leaned in the doorway behind the firey redhead, cleaning his Dad’s gun (mainly for show) “Someone’s in troooooouble!” He sang, clearly totally delighted by the whole situation, “You made mama mad… bad idea, kiddies.”

One of the goons - a new one, barely eighteen, honestly Dem didn’t even know the kid’s name - squared up to Tabitha, he’d clearly tried to model himself afte Valentin but failed miserable, “We got a right to know what’s going on in this damn house!” He kid was clearly going for a bark but it sounded more like the whine of an over tired five year old, “Last thing we know that whore upstairs was a traitor an’ know you’re all over the slut and carrying it’s sorry ass upstairs! It’s Darko’s bastard, drag it down here so we can shoot it clean between the eyes. That’s what you said!” He pointed between Demetri and Valentin, clearly having heard one of their staged conversations.

Demetrius straightened up, his usually jovial eyes turning to pure ice, the insults and threats to Will not going down well, they were all, understandably, a little on edge about their sub at the moment. He pointed his gun at the kid, “You wanna try that again?” He asked, his voice sharp and dangerous, “Bare in mind that I’m the good cop here, cause these two are real protective over that ‘whore’ you wanna shoot. Right, Val?” He turned his dark eyes on his lover.

The grey male simply held onto Will a little tighter, enjoying having him so close after so much time spent apart, “Any who had fled before my men got there will be hunted down and executed. If you wish to partake in the hunt, you’re welcome to join us.” He chuckled, carding his slim fingers through Will’s curls, smiling down at him with a nod, “Of course, on both counts. We’ll see how well you heal with Val’s stitching, then we’ll have to discuss how you’d like to be painted.”

Valentin took two slow steps down the stairs, hands behind his back as he squared up to the cheap scrawny teenage knockoff version of himself. His face darkened as he stared the other male down, “You’re clearly new to all this, so allow me to explain the art of laying a trap. Example, William risked his life undercover with Chilton, living in squalor to gain access to

him long enough to execute him. You will show our submissive the respect he deserves. It's no wonder we told you lies to cover the painstaking plan we had laid: You're all morons." The Viking pressed himself forward a little more before taking a step back, glaring at the young male.

Tabitha rolled her eyes, swung the bat over the back of her shoulders and took one slow step down, eyes blazing as suddenly the bat was swinging over the female's head and smashing through the young goon's head with a metallic crunch of metal against bone, brains, blood and bone spraying over people withing a two foot radius.

It took the redhead a moment to dislodge her Louisville Slugger from what's-his-face's head with her foot on his still convulsing corpse and a faint noise of annoyance when the body hit the floor with another gush of blood. Tabby looked up, rage burning in her eyes, "Anyone else have something to say about my submissive? Because that was a quick death, the rest of you have no chance of peace for weeks." The Domme's eyes swept the room, breathing heavily and covered in god knows what, she stood imposing with the blood soaked bat resting on her shoulder, "You will NOT question our decisions." She cried, meeting the eyes of those she knew to be deserters when harder times came, "Anyone who thinks they're too pussy to be in it for the long haul, needs to be out of out territory by sunrise."

Val shuddered a little himself at the threat, everything the female had been through during her years as a prisoner and then having spent her years with Hannibal learning the way the Mafia worked so she knew how every aspect of the business worked; Tabitha was and always would be the Boss' Rottweiler. Vicious and deadly in her own right, she was unpredictable once unleashed.

Will flinched at the bangs and crashes drifting from upstairs, it would take time for him to stop being so jumpy, his nerves were still on edge, his broken finger nails cut into Hannibal's chest as he gripped on instinct, curling his broken body close as his instinctively protected himself. "Sorry…" He whispered, "Surprised me.. I don't want to see them again. I want them gone before they can get to me, get them killed, Daddy. Make it painful?" The dark request sounded so innocent coming from the submissive's mouth that it was actually rather beautiful in a sadistic sort of way - the sub yawned again, "M'gonna try an' get some sleep before the pain meds wear off, okay? Don't… Don't go? I might… Nightmares, y'know?"

Demetrius smirked as the bloodied body crashed to the floor, "Excellent. He was pissing me right off." The guard stalked forwards, draping himself over his lover like a broken rag doll as he looked over the crowd, grinning at their fear, "Think they got the message? Which one of you asswipes is gonna clean up this mess cause I ain't getting his blood under my nails, not today."

The crowd shifted awkwardly, an undercurrent of fear running through them. After a beat three men peeled off from the crowd, practically sprinting from the door - all new, clearly hadn't known what they were getting themselves in for.

"I…" Clint, one of their oldest men cleared his throat - he'd been a close friend of Demetrius' father, "We didn't mean to question you… we just expected to be kept somewhat in the loop. Give us our orders and we'll set to it."

Hannibal shushed his lover with a kiss, “Worry not, my love. I’m not going anywhere, you have my word on that. We shall wait until you wake before swapping who will rest with you.” He smiled, fingertips stroking tenderly over the sub’s jawline, “We’ll make sure they know exactly what we’re killing them for. They’ll die wishing they’d never heard of Frederick Chilton.” He growled under his breath, letting out an exasperated sigh at the crashes in the house, “I should have known sending all of them downstairs would end with broken things.”

Valentin curled his arm around Dem’s waist, his smirk still firmly in place as the three newbies scurried from the house, “Good riddance. We don’t need people who are gonna split when the going get’s tough.” He glared around the floor, staring down anyone who dared to maintain eye contact with him, “Believe me, it’s about to get a whole lot fucking worse.”

Tabby walked the width of the stairs, her bat just resting on her shoulder as she pace back and forth, “You will all get your orders, as and when you need them. Until then, it’s usual daily business. You work your shift, you sleep when you need to, eat, fuck, get high. I don’t give a shit.” With a flick of her wrist, Tabitha swung her arm out, pointing the bloody end of the bat at the men gathered in the room, “But when you are called for a mission, you stick to the mission. ‘Cause Mama’s always watching over your missions, boys.” She turned on her heels, laughing as she climbed the stairs. Unable to unsee the image of dozens of large men’s faces turning pale as they remembered exactly who was behind the sniper rifle that took out any loose ends. She never missed a shot.

Will nodded, already drifting into a fitful sleep, he was hot - running a slight fever as his body faught off the infection from his wounds - but he was home and Hannibal was there. He could rest and trust that he’d still be there when he woke up.

Demetrius snorted as he pecked Val on the lips and followed Tabitha upstairs, “You feelin’ better now, sweetheart?” He drawled, “That was an impressive swing.” He popped his head into Hannibal’s room, raising an eyebrow at the sleeping sub, “He finally got off? Any issues? Do you need anything, Boss?” Dem talked a good game but he’d been just as worried for Will, he just didn’t know how to show it, “Hey… did you have any particular affection for that new kid? The one who looks like a chibi Val?”

Hannibal curled his body around Will, keeping him braced against a cushion against his chest so he wouldn’t fall of the bed during the night. As Will drifted off, the Dom hummed an old lullaby under his breath, fingers stroking through Will’s curls, twisting a ringlet between his fingertips.

Tabitha huffed as she climbed the stairs, “Much. Told you I needed to beat someone to death.” She stated matter of factly, shooting a glare over her shoulder before it slipped into a proud smirk, “I’ve been practising. Daddy always looks good with a bat.” Wandering to the red room, Tab dropped the bat down on a steel trolley then walked back out, shedding her clothes in the hallway as she headed into Val and Dem’s room to switch on the shower.

Valentin stuck his head around the door above his lover’s, completely oblivious to the fact that most of his face was splattered with blood and brain matter, “Honestly, brother, you should know better than to keep a weak imitation around the house when you have the

original.” He grinned with a wink, “Tab’s went a little batty, it’s all good. We weeded out the pussies and made a point. Not more chattering in the ranks.”

Arching an eyebrow at the two males in the doorway, Hannibal opened his mouth to question their appearance before thinking better of it and closing his mouth to wait for the explanation he was bound to get. The grey male inhaled deeply, held his breath for a count of three and then exhaled, “As long as you do not leave her alone for too long, one of you go and keep an eye on her. Just make sure the body’s disposed of properly.”

Demetrius stripped naked and flopped onto the bed, wincing at Will whined in his sleep. He watched cautiously, barely daring to breathe, and then let out a sigh of relief as the sub didn’t wake up, “Kid decided to mouth off. Called this one all kinds o’ crap and suggested we shoot him. Tab didn’t take too kindly to that… got his head caved in. Fucking idiot…” He reached out to run a hand through the mess that was left of Will’s hair, “Tabby’s gonna have to work her magic - he looks like he got in a fight with a lawnmower and lost.”

The submissive let out a second whine, trying to get away from Demetrius’ hand and cracking open his unswollen eye to glare at the guard, “Daddy, make him fuck off.” He slurred, “Tryin’ to sleep.”

Rolling his eyes, Demetrius help his hands up in surrender, slipping out of the room to find Tabitha. He leaned against the shower wall, tapping on the glass, “Can I join? Your sub kicked me out.”

Hannibal watched Demetri hungrily, running his tongue across his lips as the toned male flopped on the bed, only to freeze and wish Will would remain asleep. He ran his fingertips over whatever skin he could reach on Dem in his current position, “Tabitha has a mean streak, we all know that. She’ll be okay given time, if not.. Well she’ll be the first one taking out our enemies.”

The greying male pursed his lips at Will’s complaint, dismissing Dem with a quick wave of his hand and a shake of his head to himself, “He’s gone, go back to sleep..” He whispered, before turning his head to see Valentin still stood in the door, “Was there something else?”

“No, not at all.. Just, reminding myself he’s really home.” The blonde said softly, letting himself smile for the first time in a long time before turning and heading out the bedroom to find his remaining lovers.

Tabitha had jumped into the shower before the water had the chance to warm up. She stood under the spray watching the blood washing down her body and swirling down the drain. After a minute, as the water warmed, she began to laugh hysterically until a sob bubbled up, racking her body to hard she had to lean against the wall.

The female jumped at the knock on the shower glass, still sobbing under the scalding water as she steadily turned red from the heat. Sliding open the shower cubicle, Tab tried to get a hold of herself before Demetri could see her but it was far too late.

Letting out a happy hum, Will curled closer to Hannibal, sucking a lazy lovebite on his lover’s neck in his sleep.

Demetrius' trademark smirk slipped off his face as he took in her red skin and blood shot eyes, then he registered that there was way more steam coming off the water than there should have been, "Jesus, fuck, Tab!" He yelped, sticking a hand into the scalding water and crying out in pain as he turned it cooler, "What are you tryin' to do to yourself? The younger male wrapped his arms around Tabitha and drew her soaking body close, pressing soft kisses to her red hair, "Right." He said firmly, "You're getting out of here. Val and Han can watch Will, me and you are going to the manor so you can have a night to yourself, away from all this."

Hannibal tilted his head back as the sub latched onto his neck, arm curling protectively around the slim male's body as he settled back down in his sleep, "Goodnight, Will." He whispered with a soft smile, allowing himself to doze off into a light sleep.

Tabby near collapsed against Demetrius' chest when he shut off the water, her body shuddering violently in the suddenly cold room after the scalding water, "I-I.. I don't know!" She mumbled against the guard's chest, burying her face in his skin, "C-can't, can't l-leave W-will." The female tried to argue against the panic flooding her every nerve, her chest tightening as she struggled to keep herself upright, her legs suddenly feeling like jelly, "I f-feel like h-he's under my s-skin again. Everything Will's b-been through, I-I should be here to h-help him. I l-love him too m-much."

Valentin stood hovering just outside the door to the bathroom, rubbing his forehead in thought. He could cover Dem's duties if he had to take Tabby out of the situation for a while, between he and Hannibal they'd be able to take care of usual business and take turns watching Will as he rested.

Demetrius sighed and pulled her out of the shower, yanking them both down to sit on the floor, ignoring the fact that they were now soaking wet. He took her face in his hands and forced her to look at him, "Tab… listen to me. I know that you want to help Will, we all know that. But you're important too. You matter to us and we won't let you kill yourself over this. There's enough of us in this fucked up group relationship to be able to take care of more than one person at a time." He leaned forwards, pressing a soft kiss to the corner of her mouth, "He's not here. He's *never* gonna get his slimy hands on you again - we're gonna end him. *You're* gonna end him. And it's gonna be brutal and it's gonna be beautiful. Got it." The guard looked up at his lover uncertainly, he'd never been great with emotional shit but he was doing his best, "Look… We're not going to force you to leave, if you think you're good to stay here then it's your call. But… honestly…. how do you honestly feel? Ignoring Will… If you don't think about him… do you wanna get out or not? What's best for *you*?"

Tabitha continued to shake as adrenaline rushed through her body, her fight or flight reflex kicked into over drive even as she tried to force herself ot listen to reason. Realistically she knew that every word the male was telling her to be right, there was no way she could possibly hope to help coach Will through his ordeal if she was still dealing with her own trauma. She took a shuddering breath, pushing her soaked locks from her face, "I-I know. I know *all* of this. Dem."

Val took a step forward, picking up the biggest towel from the rack to wrap it around the female's still pink shuddering form then pulled another down to drape over Demetri, "You

need to take some time out, get your head straight and then you can help Will. It's no good for either of you if you're going to be setting each other off every five minutes." He sighed softly, crouched next to his two damp lovers and pressing a kiss to both their foreheads, "Hann and I will hold the fort, you need to get out of here and focus on you."

The redhead took a few deep breaths, her ear pressed against Demi's chest to hear his heartbeat. Eventually she nodded, slowly at first so it was barely noticeable but it soon became apparent she was on the verge of breaking down again.

Valentine carded his fingers through Tab's hair and nodded, "Okay, I'll let Hannibal know." He breathed, giving the other male a fraction of a smile, "I think concentrating her wrath into daily training is the best first step. Something that'll hone your skills and keep you out of trouble, you're just as at risk as Will while you're both in this state." He added to the female, "I'll have a car take you, It's the least those assholes can do for you."

Will was whimpering in his sleep, his entire body rigid with terror as he fought away unseen demons. sweat soaked his naked body and painful tremors ran through him as he tried to work through whatever nightmare he was trapped inside.

Demetrius nodded slowly, standing up and holding out his hand to Tabitha, "C'mon Pinkie-Pie, let's get you dressed." He winked. The guard was a hard core Brony, he didn't even try and hide it. My Little Pony was his jam, "The brat can always call you if he wants to talk, he loves you, he ain't gonna want you around if you're hurting."

Hannibal slipped a little further down the bed and held Will tighter, spooning against the younger male from behind, to stroke his fingers through what remained of his hair as he hummed soothingly in the hopes that he would settle again.

Tabitha hesitated on the floor for a moment before taking Demetri's hand and letting him help her up from the cold tiles. "Alright.." She muttered, pulling the towel tighter around her body as she padded along behind the male.

"Put her in something comfortable, she's got plenty of choice in the closet at the manor for when she's ready to make the decision herself." Val suggested with a shrug after he'd dried the wet floor in the bathroom, sitting himself on the end f the bed to play with his lover's Rainbow Dash pillow buddy. "Once you got something on, I'll do something with your hair so you don't catch your death." He smiled softly.

Will's eyes snapped open and he gasped for breath, gripping tight to Hannibal as he fought to calm himself down, his eyes wide and scared. Slowly he allowed his Dominant's heart beat to slow his own a little and he twisted painfully in his lovers eyes, peaking up at him, "I… I think that's enough sleeping for now." He said weakly, "Can I… Can I get something to eat maybe?"

Demetrius nodded, popping his head into Hannibal's room as he passed, "Oh… you're up. Uh… Tab needs a breather." He said carefully, hoping Hannibal would pick up on the deeper meaning, "I'm gonna take her to the manor for a few days. You and Val can handle things here, right."

“Is… Is she okay?” Will asked softly, his voice wavering, “Did I upset her?”

Hannibal’s hand ran through Will’s hair as he jumped awake, “Shhh, it’s okay.. It’s okay, I’m here Sweetheart.” He whispered, taking slow measured breaths to help the submissive calm down, “We’ll reheat the soup Demetrius heated for you.” He looked up to see the male in question stood at the door, “Ah, just the man I was thinking of.” The older male smiled before it faltered and he nodded, “Yes, that will be fine. Just look after her and stick William’s soup in the microwave on your way past?"

Valentin sat Tab down in the bed as Demetri left the room, easing the towel from her hands to carefully pat her body as dry as he could before picking out a pair of his sweatpants and one of his worn soft t-shirts and sitting next to the redhead to help her dress, wanting her to feel comfortable and no longer so exposed.

As soon as Tabby was dressed, she curled up in the blonde’s lap to let him towel dry her hair enough that it wouldn’t be sopping any longer.

Hannibal kissed the top of his youngster lovers head, "You are not to blame for this. Tabitha has a deep rage, occasionally she unleashes the monster within without fully knowing the dangers. She caved in a goon’s head downstairs, now she’s struggling with her head. Dem will look after her until she’s channelled this additional rage into her skills ”

Will nodded, chewing his split lip uncertainly, “If you say so…” He mumbled quietly, “I just feel bad.” He laid his head on his lover’s chest, blinking at Demetrius, “Tell her to text me? Y’know… if she’s feeling up to it?”

“Yeah… ‘course.” Dem nodded, heading back out into the kitchen he shoved the soup back into the kitchen and set it off before padding back into his room and kissing Tabitha softly, “Boss says to go ahead and look after yourself. Brat says text him when you’re feeling up to it… Are we good to go? I think we should do some hard core sparring once we get there and then slob with pizza and bad movies - sound like a plan?”

Hann sighed a little under his breath, reaching up to release the sub’s lip from between his teeth, “Don’t do that, you want to heal without a scar.” He scolded softly, “And don’t feel bad, this has been coming for a very long time, Tabitha has her past with Darko and taking him out for real would always have this effect on her. Her additional worry about your safety just goes to show how much it means to finally get rid of him."

Tabby nodded in answer to Dem’s question, placing a hand on Val’s jaw to tilt his head down and kiss him softly. When she pulled away she smiled softly and slipped from his lap to pad over to the guard, curling against his side, "I think you’re right.. Best plan for both of us, and I’ll text Will once I’m outta here.” She glanced over to Valentin, “Thank you…"

"Don’t forget your slippers by the door, don’t go cutting up your feet on the way to and from the car.” The blonde smiled, “And you don’t have to thank me, I love you. I’d do it for any of you.”

“Okay…” Will nodded, “I just want to get better so everyone can stop worrying.” The sub struggled into a sitting position, wincing as his ribs and back screamed in protest, “Can I get dressed and get out of this bed?” He asked hopefully, “You can leave me while I eat, you know? I know you’ve probably got loads of work to be doing and Val’ll sit with me for a while…”

Demetrius smiled into the kiss, “Give me a minute to get dressed and I’ll be right with you.” He promised, yanking on the first pair of sweats he found - not even knowing if they were his or Val’s - and a black tank top, “Sorted.” He grinned, swinging Tabitha up into his arms, “Let’s head out!” The guard turned to look at Valentin, “I’ll keep you updated, soup’s in the microwave for Wills.”

The grey male furrowed his brow a little and shook his head after a second of thought, “I’m sure our lover will be informed of your food being heated. I will take my own leave to check on business once Valentin is here to sit with you.” As he spoke, Hannibal slipped from the bed to find something loose for the sun to wear, returning quickly with a black silk pyjama shirt and a pair of his boxers.

Tabby hovered uncertainly by the door as she waited for Dem to dress. She smile gratefully up at Val as he stood with her, arm around her shoulders. “Got it, babe.” The Viking grinned, giving Demi a kiss before heading out to the kitchen to collect Will’s soup. After ensuring everything was warmed through, he carried out the food and crackers on a tray to let himself into the bedroom, “Food is served.” He called as he entered backwards.

Tabitha slipped into her boot slippers used for walking around the house, hands twisting the hem of her borrowed shirt as they waited for the elevator to arrive, “Thanks for doing this for me, Dem.. I know I’m just being stupid.”

Demetrius shook his head, gently untwisting Tabitha’s hands from her shirt, “Saying you’re being stupid is stupid, Tab.” He said quietly, “You went through hell, you’re allowed to still be messed up about it. That bastard has messed us all up one way or another… Me, you and Will anyway but it’s worse for you.” The guard chuckled softly, “No one expects you to be okay, that doesn’t change how strong we all know you are.” He shrugged, “’Sides I love you and I’m just gonna be pissing Will off if I stick around here, I wanna be where I’m most needed.” The elevator pinged and they stepped inside, “You don’t have to text him you know, not if you ain’t ready.”

Will smiled weakly at Valentin, feeling better now that he was covered up, “Hey you… How’s Mistress?” He asked instantly, “Come keep me company so that Daddy’ll go do his Boss Man thing and I don’t feel guilty from keeping him away.”

Letting out a soft sigh as he hands were disengaged from their anxious task, “Sorry… I know that, Dem!” She whined, jabbing the ground floor button a few times, wanting to get out of the confined space already, curling back against his side as she tried to relax, “I love you too, I just… I get why I need out and why you wanna come with.” The redhead shrugged, stepping out of the elevator with Demetrius and shaking her head, “No, I want to. This isn’t his fault, and I want him to know that.”

The Domme had to smile at the sight of all the goons quickly disappearing into different rooms the moment they heard Tabby's voice. There were still spatters of blood on the wall but the body and smashed glass had been cleared away already, "Think they're scared?" She smirked, grabbing a velveteen coat from the rack on her way past, "Which car are we taking, I'll need to tell the girls."

Val carefully entered the room and pushed the door closed with his heel as he stepped into the room and gingerly climbed up on the end of the bed to set the tray down, "Tabs is gonna be just fine, she had a little set back which is to be expected. Dem's taking her to the manor to work it out." He smiled softly, laying himself across the end of the bed, "I'm more than happy to keep you company, little one." Looking up at Hannibal he gave him a quick nod, "It's probably best you get back to work. If you need the head it's in the freezer."

A slow smirk crossed Hannibal's features, the idea had already formed when he saw the head in Will's hand but now he was looking forward to making his point to all the underbosses of the city, "I suppose I should get some work done before people begin to spread rumours that I am the one who is dead." He chuckled, leaning over to press a kiss to Will's head, "I am merely a text away if you need me." He whispered as he slipped from the bed to give Valentin a gentle kiss on his way out of the room.

Will nodded, watching Hannibal go and pulling the tray towards himself, physically deflating. He picked up his spoon his his good hand - scowling as he tried to eat the food with the wrong hand. He was hungry but he was also miserable and the thought of eating made him feel a little sick, "Val… Did I fuck up?" He asked softly, "You and Daddy are worried, Mistress is upset and I'm all *broken* and stuff. Has it actually done any good? Will Chilton being dead change anything?" He looked up through his ruined hair, eyes dull and pathetic.

Demetrius shrugged, "Val said he'd ask someone to drive us, I guess whichever one their in when we get out there." He laughed loudly as the goons skittered like startled rabbits, "Someone clean this shit up!" He barked, "Now!"

Val crawled up the length of the bed to take the spot Hannibal had just vacated, he pressed a light kiss to the younger male's jaw, "No, not at all. You did exactly what you said you would and you made a damn good mess but Hann couldn't be prouder of you." Gently the blonde turned Will's head to look at him, "You know that don't you? He's not worried about what you did, it's the repercussions of Chilton's death that he needs to handle in a small window of time."

The Viking gave the injured male a cautious kiss, not wanting to cause any more damage to the sub, "Hannibal will call a meeting with the heads of the gangs around here… My guess is he's going to throw the head down on the table and wait for them to pledge fealty. Anyone who doesn't will die, and we'll secure their areas too. He's got this, the only thing that kept us sane all these weeks was planning exactly what we were to do when you got home.

Tabitha giggled as they slipped out the front door to the sound of men scrambling for cleaning supplies, descending the stairs, the female grinned at the sight of the estate car waiting for them, "Gotta hand it to Val, he always knows what I want." She smiled with a shake of her head, climbing into the back of the car to curl her legs up on the wide back seat. She waited until the male was in the car and they were moving before replying to his

question, “Daddy and I have everything planned. He’s old fashioned, he’ll go full mafiosa and dump it in front of them. Expect everyone to kiss his ring… Damn, wish I could see it.”

Will shrugged, after weeks of being told he was useless and good for nothing but being a toy it was hard to get used to being told otherwise again, “I guess.” He mumbled, curling into Valentin the moment he was close enough for him to do so, He attempted to get another spoonful in his mouth and scowled as he slopped back into the bowl, “Will you judge me if I pick this bowl up and drink it?” He asked softly, “Spooning left handed isn’t working out for me.” The sub pressed back into Valentin’s chest, “Do you know where my phone is? I left it here before I went.”

“You could be if you wanted to be.” Dem shrugged, pulling Tabitha’s feet up into his lap. He gently eased off her slippers and set to giving her a foot massage, “But for now let’s just relax, have a night off from the stress. None of us have slept much in the last few weeks.”

Val purses his lips but nodded, he understood that suddenly coming home wasn’t going to be like a flip switching and Will would be okay with everything he’d been exposed to for so long. The older male shook his head a little, reaching into the bedside table to find the other’s phone, “I won’t judge you for anything, do what you gotta do. If you want help just ask, I’m here for you.” He said, putting the phone in the bed between the two of them as it turned back on.

Tab poured as her legs were moved but allowed it, shifting position to get comfortable leaning sideways against the back of the seat; she let out a happy hum as talented fingers massaged her feet, “I forget you’re good at distraction…” she muttered, eyes falling closed as she enjoyed the pampering, “I wish Daddy could wait until I can be there, but he’s gotta do it tonight or someone else will take the head of the table.” She said after a moment, eyes flying open when she remembered she hadn’t text will yet.

pulling her phone from the pocket of her borrowed sweatpants, the female typed out a quick message to her husband telling him to do what he had to and she’d happily hear the details later. She then typed a message to her sub

Hey baby, sorry I had to split. I got some shit to beat out my system before I’ll be safe in a house full of asshole men. For them at least. I want you to know that I love you, and it kills me to have to leave while you’re still so fragile. I hope you forgive me, we’re a team. Always will be. Tabs xoxo

Nodding slowly, Will picked up the bowl in his good hand, balancing it on the cast of his other and awkwardly sipping at the hot soup - Beauty and the Beast style. He got through around half the bowl before putting it down and pushing it away, feeling queasy. He turned grey as he fought against his stomach rebelling against the food. The sub fell back against Valentin weakly, letting out a frustrated growl, “I hate this.” He muttered, “Daddy says you’re all gonna hunt down Chilton’s men… do you promise?” Will jumped as his phone jingled loudly, cursing himself for being so nervous. He picked it up and smiled softly at the text, typing out a clumsy, left handed reply:

Nothin to forgive, you kook after you. See uou soon, i lovr y€. I’m sorry for everythib. Come back soom kay?, cc

Demetrius nodded, keeping attention to his task as he rubbed the tension out of the soles of his lover's feet, "True enough, by tomorrow we'll own half the city."

Val took the bowl from Will as soon as he was done, setting it on the tray and then on the floor next to the bed before he curled up with the younger male, half smiling at his question, "Of course, nobody will survive. We'll make sure of it." He promised, calming the slim male with a hand on his shoulder, "It's probably Tabitha… You could let me do that, you know."

Tabby groaned as Demetri rubbed on a particularly tender spot on her left foot, picking up her phone as it buzzed, "Whatever you got planned for me, better make it quick. I'm not leaving Will for too long." She stated, tapping out her reply.

You have nothing to be sorry for. You did what you said you would, that's all there is to it. I'll be back before you know it, and that's a promise. xoxo

The female sighed softly, digging her heels into Dem's thigh just a little, "Daddy's gonna do great, he's got all of us to help him. As soon as Darko's gone, he'll be king of the city. Everybody will be kissing our asses." She giggled.

"Gotta learn." Will mumbled into Val's shoulder, his good hand tracing the male's chest idly as he spoke, "Gonna be like this for what? Six weeks? More?" He let out a quiet yawn, "M'so tired but I can't sleep. Nightmares. Was it… Was it real bad when I was gone? How was everyone?" Suddenly the submissive tensed as the door to the bedroom swung open, one of the goons from downstairs standing in the doorway. Will let out a whine of genuine distress, scrambling to get as far up the bed as he possibly could, "W-What the fuck?!" He snarled at the man, his fear making him vicious, he didn't like them seeing him this broken, "You're not supposed to be on this floor! Get the hell out!" He was screaming as much as his tortured throat would allow, *"Get out!"*

"I…" The man looked petrified as he looked between Valentin and Will, sweeping over the submissive's extensive injuries, "No one answered the intercom and the door to the stairs was open. We… We cleaned up the mess and we just wanted further orders. Tabitha and Demetri left and Hannibal isn't here so I thought….?" He trailed off, looking expectantly at Val.

Demetri chuckled, moving his hands up to massage Tab's calves, "Uh huh… I think maybe we give sex a miss tonight, yeah? Just fighting and food? A night of relaxation and then let's see if we can get you calm and back to the Brat tomorrow?"

Sighing softly, Val accepted that Will would continue to be his stubborn independent self even while healing from such horrific injuries. He was about to suggest that the younger male close his eyes and try to get some rest while he spoke to him when he vaguely heard the door open and had to remind himself not to physically restrain Will as he scrambled up the bed. Instead he flew to his feet, drawing himself to his full height to loom over the goon standing at the door. The Viking snarled, withdrawing a knife from his back pocket which found its way to the unwelcome male's throat, "Uh-uh, you look at me, right at me." Val growled, pinning the goon against the door frame with a hand gripping his jaw tightly, "You wait downstairs until you get orders. Go to sleep, play a game, jerk off. I don't give a shit. But the one thing you don't do is come up here without permission, which you most certainly

do *not* have." He spat in the other male's face, "Now, you're going to get the fuck off our floor, and if I hear you so much as uttered a word about anything you saw here, I will kill you while you sleep."

The blonde shoved the goon away and closed the door, locking it for good measure, he turned to head back over to the bed, tucking the knife away again as he crawled cautiously toward the frightened submissive, "He's gone.. Not gonna happen again, and I'll take him out tonight, no worried." He said comfortingly, slipping back into the bed with his lover to ease him back into their original positions.

Tabby nodded, "I wasn't gonna ask for anything other than cuddling tonight, I… I can't, Hann's probably gonna be visiting you guys more often for a while. Just until I can stop my skin crawling at the thought." She swallowed down the taste of bile in her throat, forcing herself to snap out of it, "What kind of sparring you got in mind? Hand to hand, weapons, shooting practise, or are you gonna pull a Hannibal move and go with Tai Chi?" The redhead couldn't help but roll her eyes at her husband's insistence that recentreing her energies would help - she knew it would but right now, she just wanted to hit something.

Will's heart felt like it was going to beat of his chest, his breath was coming in short, sharp pants as he clung to Valentin. The more he panicked, the worse it got - he could feel his hands start to go numb the amount of oxygen he was taking in got less and less and he was starting to see stars. The submissive let out a scared whine, he most noise he could get out past his closing throat. He couldn't believe he was being so stupid, having a panic attack because of some worthless goon, it was ridiculous. Val was with him and he knew his lover would never let him get hurt but in that moment he'd been back in his cell at Chilton's, it had been one of his men and he'd been alone, "H-Help…" He gasped out, pressing his eyes closed tightly, good hand coming up to pull on his ruined hair.

"I was gonna say your call." Dem winked, "Boss man might know what he's talking about but I'd rather let you pick how you want to work this shit out. You come at me and I'll respond." He promised, running a hand through Tabitha's still damp hair and leaning forwards to kiss her forehead, "No worries, me, Val and Han can entertain each other whilst you and Will are healing. You two can just be our snuggle buddies." Demetrius chuckled, "Hey… On the way back should we pick Will up a Pillow Pal? He's gonna be spending a lot of time in bed, he should have a buddy." The large man beamed at his idea - he really was just a kid at heart, "Oh! We could get one for you too! Even Boss and Val, we could be the Pillow Gang! Uh… Pillow Bandits? THE FIVE PILLOW-TEERS!"

Turning over onto his side, Val gently eased Will over onto his side until they were eye to eye then eased his good hand from his hair to prevent him from pulling out his remaining curls, "Hey, hey.. Look at me, right at me." He whispered soothingly, placing the scared submissive's hand over his steady and strong heart, "Feel my heartbeat, lover…" The blonde soothed, taking a slow breath, "Count breaths with me, in and out; one.."

Tabby half smiled, head leaning into the comforting hand, "I just wanna punch and kick things.. Kick boxing? That'll have me exhausted in no time." She sat up a little to curl up against Demetri's side, her head tucked under his chin only to roll her eyes at his

exclamation, “You’re a fucking dork, Dem. But sure, do what you wanna do, I could always do with somethin’ soft to cuddle.”

Will let out a scared whine as he tried to control his breathing, desperately trying to listen to his lover’s words over the sound of his blood pulsing painfully in his ears. He was terrified, he was in pain and he was also in the midst of a full blown panic attack. Honestly, the only thing he wanted was all four of his lover’s with him so that he knew they were all safe, knew they were together. Unfortunately that wasn’t a possibility and whilst the submissive understood that it didn’t help him in the moment.

Slowly, painfully so, he seemed to gain control back of his body. The young sub’s tortured muscles relaxed and he collapsed into Valentin’s chest, panting weakly as tears coarsed down his cheeks, “S-Sorry.” He whispered, between gasps, “That was… fucking *pathetic*. I don’t… I can’t believe I did that. What’s he… what’s he *done* to me?! How the hell am I supposed to be useful to anyone now if I c-can’t… can’t even take one of Daddy’s goons.” Will rested his forehead on Val’s chest, “Should have just let the bastard kill me.” He muttered, not intending to be heard.

Dem chuckled as he wrapped his arms around Tabitha, dropping a kiss to her vibrant hair, “Damn right I’m a dork. Ain’t nothing wrong with that. ‘Sides you don’t need no pillow for cuddlin’. You’ve always got me… And Val’s a big softie.”

Will’s reaction to his attempts to soothe him caused Valentin to purse his lips and half sit up, not moving out of arms length of the submissive as he pulled his shirt over his head then snuggled closer until their chests were flush against one another, “Shhhh, it’s okay. You are safe, little one, you will always be safe with us.” He breathed, fingers running through his lover’s hair tenderly only to stop when he felt the younger male’s body still tense next to him.

The blonde took a chance and did the only thing he knew to do, he half rolled over to one side and drew the submissive against his chest cautiously until his head was resting over his heart. Once he had Will settled he placed one hand over his other ear, drowning out all noise but his steady heartbeat.

Once the sub calmed down, the Viking slowly moved his hand away from his ear with a soft smile, “Don’t apologise for being human. We all are, and we’ve all had our share of shit to go through in life, our own little crisis’ and we’ve pulled through. There’s no reason why you can’t do the exact same, and you know what? Hannibal wouldn’t have chosen you to be wit us if he didn’t see strength in you.”

Tabitha tilted Demetrius’ head down to plant a kiss on the male’s lips, smiling gently as she pulled away again, “Never said there was anything wrong with it, I just stated a fact.” She chuckled and wrapped her arms around Dem’s waist, “I know, sometimes you guys get busy though and when I’m feeling the way I am… I just need something sometimes.”

The female glanced out of the window to see the warm lighting of Ravenstag growing closer, “Thank god, I thought this journey would never end.” She muttered, stretching out her aching body. As the car pulled up, the doors swung open more forcefully than was necessary for someone to have been making a grand exit, instead the sight they were greeted with as

they pulled up the drive was a furious looking client dragging one of the newer (and younger) girls covered in red body point out of the manor by her hair.

With a growl, Tabby lent over the front seat to grab a spare gun from the glovebox, having left hers behind in the rush to get out of the house, “Stop the car, Bjørn.” She demanded, hand already on the handle to jump out as soon as they stopped, “Looks like I’ve got something to beat on after all, and to think Sabine would have just shot him.” She mock pouted, the dark gleam in her eye showing that she was *just* as ruthless as Hannibal could be.

Slowly, Will came around, his breathing slowed and he allowed himself to focus on nothing but Valentin. And then he let himself cry. He’d been strong for weeks, he hadn’t cried once through all the torture he’d been through at Chilton and his men’s hands but he couldn’t hold it in anymore. He was safe and that meant he could afford to be vulnerable.

The submissive buried his face in Val’s neck, inhaling his scent and letting it soothe him as he cried. He wasn’t hysterical, if anything it was making him feel better, he cry and be held and know that everything was okay. Eventually his tears slowed and he peaked up at his lover through his ruined hair, “H-Hey… Uh… I’d say sorry but you’ll just shout at me.” He mumbled sheepishly, “Can… Can you text Daddy and ask him to take that asshole out quickly? I… I don’t want him to tell the others what he saw. They already don’t respect me ‘cause… ‘cause I’m just a sub. And then there’s the fact I’m Darko’s bastard. Added to that the fact they just saw me naked I… I need…” He shrugged, not being able to explain it. He lived on the top floor, even though he was a sub he knew that he was the goon’s boss but they didn’t know it. Hannibal and Tabitha got respect automatically, Valentin and Demetri had earned it but as far as the men were concerned Will was beneath them and he knew that, they treated him like Hannibal’s pet. Right now he needed to feel like more than that.

Dem sighed as he followed Tabitha out of the car, drama drama drama. Reaching out he snagged the girl’s arm, pulling her out of the line of fire and shoving back towards the safety of the house. He was sure Valentin would have wrapped his arms around the sobbing whore and soothed her but that wasn’t him. He wasn’t a comforting man - it came naturally with Tabitha and hell, even Will but with anyone else he just felt damn uncomfortable.

“Now now, Boss lady.” He chuckled, leaning against the car to watch the show, “I’m sure this slimy asshole has a perfectly good reason for dragging one of your girls around like a… shit I ain’t got a clue like a what. I was doing so well too.,,” He instantly pulled out his phone to film the interaction, Val would get a kick out of it.

The man held up his hands the minute he recognised Tabitha, clearly deciding to attempt to flirt his way out of the situation, “C’mon beautiful… you know me, I’m a regular. Your slut just decided to short change me… was just gonna get my money’s worth. You understand the importance of finishing correctly, right?” He winked at the redhead seductively.

Letting Will cry, Valentin ran his hand tenderly along his rubs, tracing Hannibal’s signature idly as he continued to sooth his lover until he had cried out everything that had been contained and suppressed for so long.

Pulling away at the younger male’s weak voice, Val quirked the corner of his mouth up in a semblance of a smile, shaking his head, “I wouldn’t shout. I’d tell you that you have nothing

to be sorry for and that would be the end of the conversation on that matter." The Viking laid back against the pillows without moving too far from their original position, just wanting a better look at the submissive as they talked, "When you're back to yourself, you'll kill anyone who questions your position. As we've seen we could do with some new meat, these fuckers don't know shit about the long game."

As he spoke, the older male pulled his phone from his back pocket, unlocking and typing a quick message one handed so he could keep a firm but gentle hold on Will, "Done. He'll see it as soon as he's done with whatever he's doing."

Tabitha had jumped out of the car the moment it stopped, her gun raised and ready to shoot first and worry about the details later. As soon as Demetri had moved her girl out of harms way, the female cocked her head a little to the side and remained silent until the John had finished speaking.

It didn't take too long to work out where this was going, and as much as she hated to play the dumb girl, it was the only way to get this fool to lower his guard again.

Tabby lowered her gun and handed it back to Dem without taking her eyes off the male, her smile growing, "Well why didn't you say so? We can't have a client leaving without being fully sated." She purred, taking a few slow steps forward, making sure to sway her hips enough that she still looked completely fuckable with damp hair, sweatpants and a borrowed shirt on, "So…" She said, trailing a finger down the front of the john's half open shirt - having been hastily done up before chasing down the whore - and gripped where the first buttons were done up to pull him flush against him, her barely covered pert breasts pressing temptingly against his chest, "How about we settle you up and we can all go about our business?"

Sparing a glance at Dem just long enough to blow both he and the camera a kiss, Tab allowed her hand to graze down the client's front until her hand fell upon his belt which she used as purchase to spin the john around onto the hood of the estate car, jumping up on top of him to straddle his hips, leaning down to trail her lips along his jaw, "Sometimes my girls need to be told twice, and as you know the customer is always right.."

Nodding gratefully, Will let out a happy mewl and burrowed closer into Valentin's warmth, ignoring the stabbing pain in his ribs in favour of getting as close as he could. The submissive inhaled deeply, comforting himself with the scent of one of his lovers, reminding himself that he really was back.

"Do you… Do you think he'll be back soon?" He asked softly, his eyelids heavy with exhaustion. Will knew that Hannibal had a lot to be doing but if he couldn't have his Mistress then he wanted his Daddy.

Demetrius snorted as he man fell for Tabitha's charms, how could anyone be so stupid? How could he not see the dangerous glint in the redhead's eyes. Shaking his head he turned the camera to face him and flashed a cheeky grin into the lense, "And this chickies, is natural selection at it's best. Hope it makes you smile, brat!" He grinned, swinging it back around so as not to miss any of the action, "Recording for Will, Boss Lady. Give him a good show, yeah?"

The john smirked, his wilted erection growing hard between them as his hand travelled up Tabitha's thigh, "Well…" He agreed pompously, "I suppose we can come to some arrangement… Another hour? With you and one other girl. No safewords, all the toys."

Val pressed his face into Will's curls, breathing him in to ease his somewhat frazzled nerves - having Will gone for so long had put a strain on the whole group, he was the glue that kept them together, kept them sane, even from the short amount of time that they'd had to be together.

"He'll be back soon enough, these sorts of things only ever take five minutes; walk in, tell them how it is, wait for a fight, toss the head on the table and let them swear fealty." The blonde shrugged a little, tucking his phone away in his pocket again to slip his arms back around the submissive, "The thing that takes time is getting everyone together in one place without too much of a fight. Shouldn't be long now."

Tabitha glanced up at the camera and her lover with a dark smirk that melted into a seductive smile as she addressed the client again with a raised eyebrow, "*All* the toys? Someone's *ambitious*, don't you think?" Giving a husky laugh, Tabs bought her face level with the male she was straddling, lips brushing together lightly as she spoke, "Sealed with a kiss, baby.." She breathed, pulling the john into a deep kiss - far more tongue than she'd ever normally use but she had he reasons.

As soon as he relaxed into the kiss, thinking his every dream had just come true, Tabby took his tongue between her teeth and bite clean through it, ignoring the screams of the male as she pulled away, his blood dribbling from her chin and down her borrowed t-shirt. Sitting back, the dominatrix spat out blood and tongue onto the floor then jumped down off the hood of the car to crush the still wriggling muscle into the gravel with her heel before walking toward the house, throwing a wink to the camera as she passed it to throw open both sets of doors, causing the entire manor to fall into silence, "I want everyone who doesn't live here, OUT!"

Johns and workers alike began to scrabble for clothing, the girls trying to appease their clients who were simply trying to get the hell out of the crazy woman's way. The redhead ran a hand through her hair, looking around before flopping down on the nearest sofa, "Somebody get me Galina! I have a body for her, he should have finished bleeding out in a few minutes."

Will nodded, kissing Val's neck softly as he brought his good hand up to curl around his collar. He closed his eyes and let himself just be held, relaxing for the first time in weeks, "Missed you all." He said softly, "But your hugs are the best."

Demetrius laughed loudly as he filmed a close up of the dying man before ending the video and sending it to Valentin and Hannibal. He shoved his phone into his pocket and followed Tabitha into the club, snorting as everyone rushed to obey Tabitha's orders, "I fucking love you, Boss Lady."

Allowing himself to smile properly for the first time since they'd gotten Will back, Valentin hummed a little at the kiss to his neck, watching the submissive's hand as he reached for the comfort of his collar, "We missed you more than you can ever imagine." He replied with a

one shouldered shrug, his smile only growing as Will continued, “That’s cause I look mean but I love like no other.”

Tabby lounged across the couch, shooting snarls and glares at anyone who complained about the night coming to an abrupt end, her feral grin only growing more sinister as males in varying states of dress cowered away from her. The female only sat up when a clean towel was waved in front of her face by a porcelain skinned redhead dressed in nothing but a sheer lace dress and a grin.

“Towel for face.” She purred in her deep Russian accent before standing next to the couch, eyes lighting up at the sight of Demetri approaching, “I was told of body, but this one.. This one will be my pleasure.”

Tabs snorted, wiping the drying blood from her chin and neck, “Nice try Galina, this one’s strictly off limits.” She chuckled, sparing a glance to the still busy doors before gesturing between the Russian and her lover, “Demetrius, Galina, vise versa.” She muttered, tossing the towel on a nearby couch, “Love you too Dem, I needed a little taste of blood. Think I’m about ready for a bath and bed.”

The Domme took a fortifying breath then nodded toward the back stairs that lead directly to the worker’s private rooms, “How’s the new girl? She looked pretty shaken.”

Galina simply snorted and gave a shrug as she checked her flawless manicure for chips, “Girl is fine. We give her vodka for shock.” The redhead female looked up from her nails through her lashes at her boss, “She has little crush on Mistress. Hasn’t stopped talking about her since first shot of vodka.”

Will nodded, “Uh huh… Don’t tell Dem, but out of the two of you… you’re totally my favourite.” He chuckled weakly, ears pricking up as he heard the unmistakable sound of the lift opening on their floor, “D-Daddy?” He called nervously, not trusting it not to be another idiotic goon. He reached for his phone as he buzzed, hissing as he rolled too far on his ribs. Clicking play he couldn’t help but laugh, Demetrius was an idiot, and Tabitha seemed like she was doing as well as she could be, it made him feel a little better about her having to go.

“Trust me, Gal.” Dem smirked, “I got more than enough to keep me busy at home. I’m a changed man, you ain’t even tempting me no more.” He rumaged in his pockets and thrust a crumpled pile of bills at the woman, “Give these to the new kid, she deserves treatin’ after that pile of shit.” He shrugged, “An’ tell her that the Mistress is taken, alright?” The man winked, walking over to scoop Tabitha up into his arms and press a sloppy kiss he her cheek, grinning goofily, “Point me to the bath then, oh vicious one!”

Val laughed deeply, turning his head to kiss an unbruised part of the submissive’s forehead, “I can’t say I blame you, I’m totally loveable.” He beamed, easing Will’s broken body from his embrace to stalk toward the door and check who had joined them.

Hannibal stepped out of the elevator to see Val opening the door in full attack stance, “Stand down, brother, I’m alone.” He said holding his bloodstained forearms and hands up in surrender, “No more trouble, I hope?”

“Not since the first one, I’ll take him out later.” The blonde nodded, relaxing visibly as he opened the door further to reveal their lover in the bed, “William has missed you.”

Walking into the bedroom, Hann dropped a kiss to Will’s head before slipping into the bathroom to scrub his hands clean, “I trust you’ll be getting rid of him, Valentin?”

Galina pouted in answer before waving a hand dismissively, “Only person missing out is you.” She smirked, taking the notes t count and fold them, “I make sure of it.” The Russian nodded quickly, raising an eyebrow, “I tell her, but it make no difference. She is smitten.”

Tabs wrapped her arms around Dem’s neck once she was scooped up, settling into his strong chest with a happy hum, “Tell her I’m taken but I can still give. I want her in my office after breakfast, she can have all she can take.” Pointing toward the stairs, the

Will smiled softly at the kiss to his head, getting as comfortable as he possibly could to watch the exchange between his two Dom’s, “I freaked out more than I should.” He admitted sheepishly, an embarrassed blush painting his cheeks, “I’m sorry for that. Shouldn’t show them that much emotion. I want him dead though - they gotta know that they’re not allowed up here. This is safe space.” He traced over the bedding with the fingertips of his good hand, “How’d it go, Daddy? Are things.. sorted? For now at least?”

Demetrius nodded, following Tabitha’s directions and depositing her on the toilet to run a deep, bubble bath. He turned back to her and leaned against the shower, arms crossed and eye brow raised, “Now strip, pretty lady. No funny business, I promise.” Dem chuckled, “I’ll even stay fully clothed but gotta get you all squeaky clean an’ shit.”

Propping the bathroom door open with the chair in there, Hannibal looked over at his lovers with a smile as he shook his hair out of his eyes, “Everything went fine, had to take out two of the sub bosses and install two trusted allies in their place. Other than that, it was perfect. They folded at the sight of the head rolling down the table.” He chuckled, soaping up his hands once more to be sure.”

Val sat himself back down on the edge of the bed, opening up the video he’d been sent and watching it with a raised eyebrow, “I’m pretty sure the goon’s not the one you should be worried about. Kitten’s gone a little wild.” He muttered, biting the edge of his lip as he held his phone out to the older male.

Hann stopped washing his hands to watch the video, his eyes lighting up at the pure rage and destruction his wife brought in mere seconds - it was beautiful. Returning to his task, the male concentrated on getting the dried blood from under his nails, “Tabitha is fine. You know as well as I that murder is the best therapy for her. I have no doubt Demetrius would have stepped in should anything have gone wrong.”

Will nodded, “She just looked happy, not out of control. Her eyes weren’t all wild like they are when she’s losing it.” He shrugged one shoulder, hissing at the pain it brought, “She’ll be okay. And if she’s not you can always send me somewhere else to heal up - she shouldn’t be pushed out just because I’m back, she’s been here a lot longer than I have.”

The submissive meant what he was saying with all his heart but he hoped it didn't come to it, he was finally home and that's the way he wanted it to stay, "Has Darko contacted you yet?" He asked, voice small and scared, "Has he heard?"

Val shrugged a little, "Whatever you say, she's your wife." He smirked, crawling back into bed with Will, making sure to leave enough space between them for Hannibal to climb in between them.

"That she is, but she's *our* lover. I understand your concern but this is tame for Tabitha." Hannibal replied matter of factly, rinsing his hands under the faucet and shutting off the water to dry his hands, "Nonsense, she's not been pushed out. She offered to go because she didn't want you to feel like you have to. Sometimes Tabby has a rough time and she goes to the manor, it's nothing to fear, she comes back ready for anything."

Throwing the towel in the laundry basket, the older male crossed to the bed in a few long strides and climbed in the middle of his lovers to hold them both, kissing each one softly with a smile, "Darko knows, he's not made contact but he knows." He chuckled, "I've had reports of mass slaughter in known Darko holdings, all victims have been identified as his own men."

Will nodded, Hannibal knew Tab better than anyone, he trusted his judgement implicitly. He chewed his ruined lip as he heard Hannibal talk about his father. Everything he'd done had been to help take the man down but he was terrified of him, more so after his time with Chilton - next to Darko Chilton was a pussy cat. "He'll get in contact soon, he'll want to prove to you he's still on top. And he won't like that I'm back with you - he'd have been counting on Chilton murdering me to get at you."

The sub snuggled down in the bed with the two, large, men - relishing the feeling of protection, "Can I have some more painkillers?" He asked in a small voice.

Tabby stretched out in the tub like a cat, half buried by bubbles in the huge marble tub, surrounded by candles she'd insisted upon. Scrubbing her face with a cloth, she dunked her head under the water to rinse the last of the blood off, "I'm thinking crappy chick flick and cuddles, the kitchen's probably still open if you're hungry." She added, knowing her lover had a bottomless pit for a stomach.

Hannibal chuckled softly, shifting his weight to lean over Will to pull painkillers from the nightstand drawer, "Let's not forget that we are far more ruthless and organised than Darko, we are not going to lose this fight." He smiled, sitting back to help the submissive sit up to take the pills.

Val groaned as Hannibal shifted but suppressed the urge to complain when he remembered just how much pain Will must be in to ask for more painkillers. With a sigh, the blonde was reminded of the goon he needed to kill and rolled to his feet, stretching his arms above his head, "I have some trash to take out, shouldn't take too long."

Demetrius beamed as he carefully ran a washcloth over Tabitha's back, "I'm always hungry me… But I was just gonna order a pizza. The massive, deliciously cheesy an' pulled pork kind. Also cheese sticks… and fries. Maybe some onion rings… Definitely cake. I'll order

once you're out of the bath. What can I get you? Junk food and chick flicks sound like a plan." He soaped up the cloth again and paused, "Reckon the boss'll kill me if I charge it to his card? I could order food to go to them too, Val's gotta be starvin' by now."

Will swallowed the pills painfully, his bruised throat protesting, before collapsing back into his Dom's side. He reached across the older man to grab a gold marker off the side, handing it to Hannibal and gesturing to his pitch black cast, "Make it pretty?" He asked softly, words slurred a little from pain.

Downstairs the goons were in a frenzy, the change in atmosphere from the last 24 hours was crazy. The few that weren't out doing jobs were gathered around the one from earlier, listening to his whispered descriptions of what he'd seen.

Resting her chin on her knees to give Dem more room to run the washcloth over over, Tabitha smiled genuinely at her lover, "I know, s'why I mentioned it. I don't want you starving to death on me." She shrugged a little, leaning into the comforting hand on her back, "I'll pick at whatever you eat, probably best to order food for back home though. I doubt anyone will have thought about it until Val goes on the rampage."

Hannibal helped Will back down against the pillows so as to not pull any of his stitches in his back. He perked up further as the marker was handed to him, "Full creative control?" He checked before popping the top off and getting to work on a geometric pattern that cracked in a few places where vines sprouted forth to wind around the cast, "You get some rest, I'll wake you later if you fall asleep."

Valentin took the back stairs down to the ground floor, figuring the best plan of attack was surprise. After finding nothing on the second floor but empty bunks, he'd mentally assessed where he'd find the leak and how to take him out. Val slid a knife from one of Hannibal's display cases as he crept through the near deserted house to find a small group of men huddled together in a corner whispering between themselves.

Recognising the goon who'd let himself into the penthouse as the centre of the conversation, the Viking slid up behind him to grab a hold of his jaw to pull back his head and draw the blade across his throat. The instant the body hit the floor, Val withdrew his semi automatic to double tap each of the remaining shocked goons in front of him; When the smoke cleared, h switched clips and headed back up the stairs to his lovers.

Demetrius chuckled and nodded, "Fair point." He conceded, finishing his task before drying off his hands and reaching for his phone. Twenty minutes later a truly terrifying amount of food had been ordered - Hann was going to kill him when he saw the size of the bill - but he figured that they all deserved it, not one of them had had much of an appetite over the last few weeks. He turned back to the bath and quirked an eyebrow at Tabitha, "You ready to get up, Boss Lady?"

Will leaned up to kiss Val lazily when he returned before snuggling back down as much as he could and still be vaguely comfortable, he was just starting to fall back asleep with the intercom buzzed,

"Uh… Pizza?" A squeaky teenager's voice sounded.

As soon as Dem had finished scrubbing her back and disappeared to go order food for everyone, Tabitha sank back into the deep tub until just her nose upwards were visible among the bubbles. She closed her eyes and thought back to the early days of Hannibal teaching her how to let herself feel all of her emotions instead of hanging onto the one that just seemed easiest - anger.

By the time Demetri returned with the food, Tab was on the verge of falling asleep, so much so that the sudden sound of his voice made her jump and fling water around the bathroom, "Shit!" She breathed, slowly getting her bearings enough to stand up and drain the tub, "Yeah, I'm good. Bath did me good." The Domme smiled, running a towel over her hair as she stepped onto the fluffy bathroom mat, "You wanna go pick something trashy to watch and start eating? I'll be right out."

Val groaned as the intercom buzzed, shattering the comfortable silence between the three males in bed. He lifted his head enough to see Hannibal looking pointedly at him, silently telling him to go and get the door. The blonde scowled, opening his mouth to offer another arrangement.

"Whether you are offering rock paper scissors or some form of wrestling and the loser gets the door, you will lose so you may as well cut out the middleman. Don't you think, brother?" Hannibal stated matter of factly, closing his eyes as he resumed comforting their submissive.

Letting out a noise somewhere between a snarl and a snort, Valentin rolled off the bed and to his feet, "One day you will lose, and it will be a day to go down in history." He muttered as he padded around the bed to leave the room. As he headed to the front door to collect the food, Val noticed that some of the goons had come home, found the mess in the dinning room and begun clean up without having to be told to. The blonde smiled to himself before switching to intimidating, sneering and scowling at anyone who crossed his path or knocked the pizza boxes in his arms on the way back up to the penthouse, "Demi bought us food. Well, I say he bought us food, he used your card."

Dem padded through to the bedroom, shoving "13 Going On 30″ into the dvd player with a grin, crappy teenage romcom's seemed the order of the day. The heard the bell ring and skidded through the halls, determined to make it before any of the staff, "Beat it!" He snarled as a greeter went for the door, "It's for me!"

Ten minutes later he made his way back to Tabitha, barely able to see over the pile of boxes in his arms. Pizza, burgers, fries, onion rings, mozzarella sticks, brownies, ice cream and a bottle of vodka he'd paid extra for them to pick up from the shop on their way over - the good stuff. Putting down the boxes he blinked up at Tabitha sheepishly, "In hindsight… It's *possible* I went a bit overboard." He admitted with a grin.

Will struggled upright, leaning heavily against Hannibal as he surveyed the array of boxes in Valentin's arms. A real giggle bubbled up over his lips. He froze, the sound having surprised even himself. Then a second burst out, soon enough he was laughing hysterically, genuinely happy, "Ow… oh fuck that hurts." He gasped out, between laughing fits, "Only fucking Demetri…" He looked between Hannibal and Valentin, eyes creased with happiness, "I love you idiots."

Walking out of the bathroom with just a towel in her hand to dry her hair, Tabby's eyes widened at the mountain of food stacked up on the bed, "Holy shit, Dem! Hann's gonna be furious!" she giggled, tossing the wet towel in the laundry basket as she crossed the bedroom to search for a pair of pyjamas to slip into.

Pulling on a silk sleep romper then tying her hair up, Tabitha crawled into the small space left on the bed, moving the pillows around in an attempt to make more room, "Do i even wanna ask what this cost?" She asked with a raised brow, pulling two shot glasses from the bedside table - around here there was always a chance someone would be drinking well into the night. "Open up the bottle and those onion rings."

Demetri stripped out of his damp boxers, finding a spare pair the the dresser and slipping them on quickly, "Damn… this place has everything." He muttered, climbing onto the bed with his lover and pouring two glasses, he downed his own and passed Tabby the onion rings, clicking play on the remote and rolling a cheese stick up in a slice of pizza taking a huge bite. He swallowed painfully, coughing a little as he hurried to answer, "Uh… you probably don't want to know." He admitted, weakly, "But I mean… I figured we could all do with a little spoiling. And I totally sent them the same!" The bodyguard defended, "I even sent them a bottle of coke too 'cause I know Wills won't be able to drink with his pain meds making him all loopy."

He lounged back against the pillows, grabbing for a burger next, "Now shut up and enjoy the film. She wants to be 'thirty, flirty and thriving.'"

Tabitha mock pouted up at her lover, "You say that as if I wouldn't keep clothes for all of my lovers around here." She laughed softly, inhaling half the box of onion rings in one go, sinking backwards into the goose feather pillows with a happy groan as she puled a pizza box over to her lap to flip it open, "You know what, it's totally worth it, Daddy'll agree."

The female rolled her eyes, sitting up to pull a pillow from behind her to smack the male in the face with it before sitting back comfortably again, "I know jackass, I just wanna drool over Mark Ruffalo, he's nerd hot."

Hannibal raised his eyebrows as Val struggled through the penthouse toward the bedroom, "What the hell did he order?"

"Pretty much everything on the menu from the looks of it. Twice." He added with a wince, waiting for the older male to explode about the bank account taking such a hit.

"No matter, we just acquired over half of Darko's territory, we can afford to splurge tonight." He shrugged, pulling some fries from the blonde without offering to help him unload.

The Viking rolled his eyes, half dropping the food onto the bed as he tried to place it down carefully but ultimately failed at it, "This is gonna last us a week if Dem doesn't get his hands on this lot after demolishing his own."

Hannibal offered Will some fries, unsure whether he'd be up to it and not wanting to force him into it.

Demetrius rolled his eyes, grabbing for a box of fries and shoving as many into his mouth as he could. He chewed desperately, trying to swallow quickly so that he could answer as he slung a muscled arm around Tabitha's waist, pulling her as close into his side as he could without her being on his lap. "Yuh uh…" He nodded, eyebrow raised, "And since when has 'nerd hot' been what you go for? Only the brat even slightly fits into that category. And even then… he'd more 'prostitute hot'." The guard snorted, reaching with his free hand for a slice of pizza, groaning happily in anticipation as he realised the cheese was the perfect amount of stringy melty goodness, "Even if now he's sort of 'bald prostitute hot'." Dem took a huge bite and grinned with his mouth open, "Sides… We both know that of the five of us, Val is by far the sexiest mother fucker among us."

Will mewled tiredly as he was jogged by the food being dropped on his feet. He happily took the fries offered between his teeth, content to be pampered and hand fed by his Daddy. Melting as far into Hannibal's side as he could, he shifted painfully so that he could recline with his feet in Valentin's lap, "Did he order me the mozzarella sticks with the sweet chilli dip?" He asked softly, looking at the array of boxes through swollen eyes, "I've been craving them for weeks."

Tab simply smiled to herself, and rolled her eyes, digging into a slice of pizza as she curled up against his side with a content hum, "Nerd hot only gets me going if they can work it, "Will and Mark? They totally work it." She smirked, smacking the large male with the back of her hand as she shoved cheesy pizza into her mouth, "He's not bald, we're just gotta even it out into an undercut. He'll be way hotter after that."

The female sunk a little further into Dem's side, giggling under her breath before stopping abruptly, "Hey, that's offensive. I'm way hotter than that blonde asshole." She retorted before continuing to eat some more, "But he is hot, just not the hottest."

Hannibal smiled softly as Will ate the offered fries, helping him move to a more comfortable position stretched out and propped up, "He better have, or i'll be having some strong words with him." He stated.

Already sifting through the food with a mouthful of fries, Val pulled out a box that was marked with a star on the top and popped it open to reveal cheese sticks and Will's favourite dip, "Crisis averted, he remembered what you like, little one." he grinned, holding out the box to the submissive as his free hand automatically began to gently rub the younger male's feet.

Demetrius snorted, already finishing his second slice of pizza, "Whatever you say, Princess. Let's just agree that we're all hot and leave it at that." He shrugged.

Half an hour later, a scary amount of food had been demolished and he was close to a food coma, "Sleep?" He groaned hopefully.

Will carefully balanced the box in his lap, ripping the top of the dip with his teeth before scooping a decent amount up with a steaming hot cheese stick and moaning indecently at the taste, "Fuck yeah… that's the stuff.." He hummed, eyes fluttering shut as he enjoyed his food and foot rub.

Happy with just her mass of onion rings and a slice of pizza, Tabitha curled up against Demetri, her head on his chest and she struggled to remain conscious enough to focus on the movie still playing in the background. At the male's voice she opened her eyes and peered up at him through her eyelashes, "Mhm, sleep is good. I think I could sleep for a week." She mumbled, slurring with tiredness.

Hannibal was content to just pick at fries and feed his injured lover, once his fries were gone he continued to help Will until he too was full, "I think that's quite enough excitement for the night don't you?" He mused quietly, packing empty containers into a bag for trashing later, "I for one could use some shut eye, Will no doubt needs to sleep in order to heal."

"Got it, loud and clear boss." Valentin nodded, jumping up from the bed to gather the remaining food and then the bag of trash, juggling it all through to the kitchen and placing leftovers into the fridge.

Barely five minutes later he returned, pulling his shirt over his head, pants falling to the floor a moment later before he climbed into bed so that Will was sandwiched in the middle of the two older males, "Alright, night. love you both." He grinned, leaning over to kiss both Hannibal and Will before settling in the pillows to get comfortable.

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